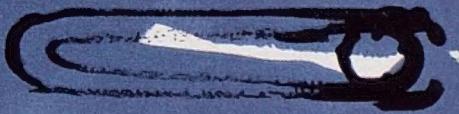


the Tatler

& BYSTANDER

OCT 17 1956
TWO SHILLINGS



MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

*A man—his hobby
—and a very
personal cigarette*



HERE'S a man of originality—Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bart., lifetime amateur photographer who has recently made it his profession. You've probably admired the originality of his work in well-known magazines.

Sir Geoffrey is a noted collector of rare and beautiful objects. Here, in his lovely Hertfordshire home, is his collection of rare glass paper-weights, some over 100 years old.

Knowing his individual turn of mind, you won't be surprised when he offers you his very personal choice in cigarettes. Larger than usual, oval in shape though Virginian-flavoured, and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—the cigarettes in that unmistakable pink box.



20 for 4/6—100 for 22/6

Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright is always happy to talk about his collection of glass paper-weights. "This is the mille fiori design," he says. "The hardest to track down have a single flower or butterfly. Once, you could buy them for a few shillings; now, they can sell for £200!" As he talks you can sense the firm streak of originality in his character. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'll say "rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll offer you "Passing Clouds."

PASSING CLOUDS

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By Appointment
To Her Majesty The Queen
Linen Drapers
Debenham & Freebody



Travel coat in a raised dice tweed with a luxurious beaver collar.

Hat from the Model Millinery

from the Model Coats at

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W. I.

World-famous sons of world-famous fathers,
who regularly better their own
world water-speed records, are . . . not
precisely two-a-penny. Maybe you
know who this is already? Let's call
him Mr. X, and see what he's up to now.



Good afternoon, Mr. X. We're
on a secret mission. We
want to know your future plans.
Nothing less.

You do? Better ask Bluebird — though I doubt if she'll tell you. At anything over the 250 mark, she's inclined to act mysterious . . . Well, wouldn't you, if you were a jet-propelled water-beetle on the fringe of something great?

Some people might think she
was pretty great already!
But that's not what we meant
. . . Question is, what's your
next move?

*Now? This moment? That's easy.
I shall offer you a Martini and take
one myself — I can ease up on
training for a bit. Here we are, all
ready to hand, in a little cupboard
I've rigged up just for occasions like
this! Real Martini, you observe . . .
Sweet or dry for you?*

Sweet, Mr. Donald Campbell —
and here's to you! Sweet and
straight as your next adventure!

Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry

LAMBSWOOL
TWIN-SET



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(Left)

Fashion's threequarter line, for a straight suede coat which is fully lined with wool fur. Moss or Beechnut. 36", 38", 40".

28 gns

'Rough' tweed skirt, fully lined — in Tan, Heather or Green mixtures. Also in mid-Grey worsted. Hips 36", 38", 40", 42".

5 gns

(Right)

The famous Otterburn tweed makes this tailored country suit with its well pleated skirt. Check mixtures of Russett, Heather or Green, exclusive to Lillywhites. 37", 39", 41", 43". 18 gns. Toning pull-on felt hat with side dipping brim. Gold, Tan, Cherry, Green.

47/6

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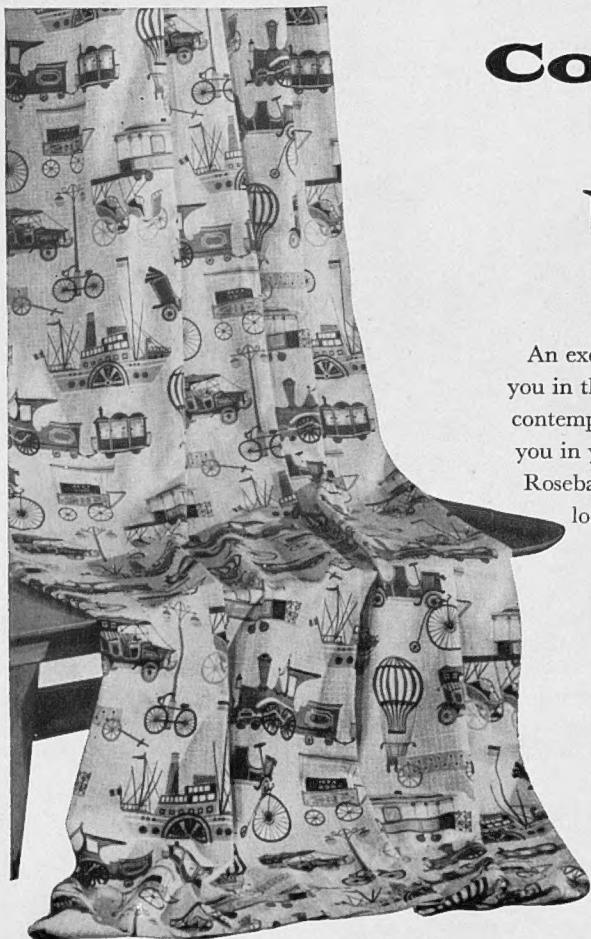
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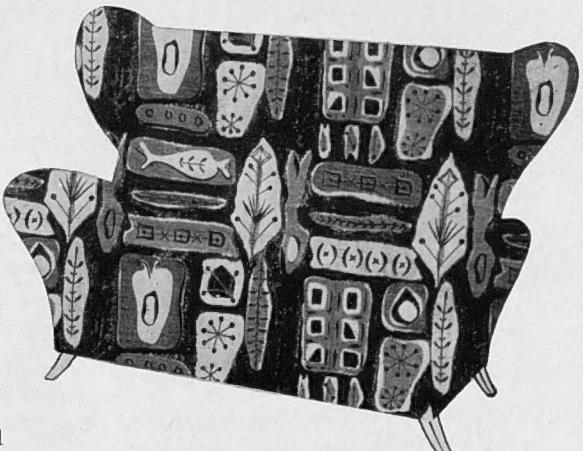
• THE QUADRANT, BOURNEMOUTH



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by ROSEBANK

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to the late King George VI

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on tap in your own home

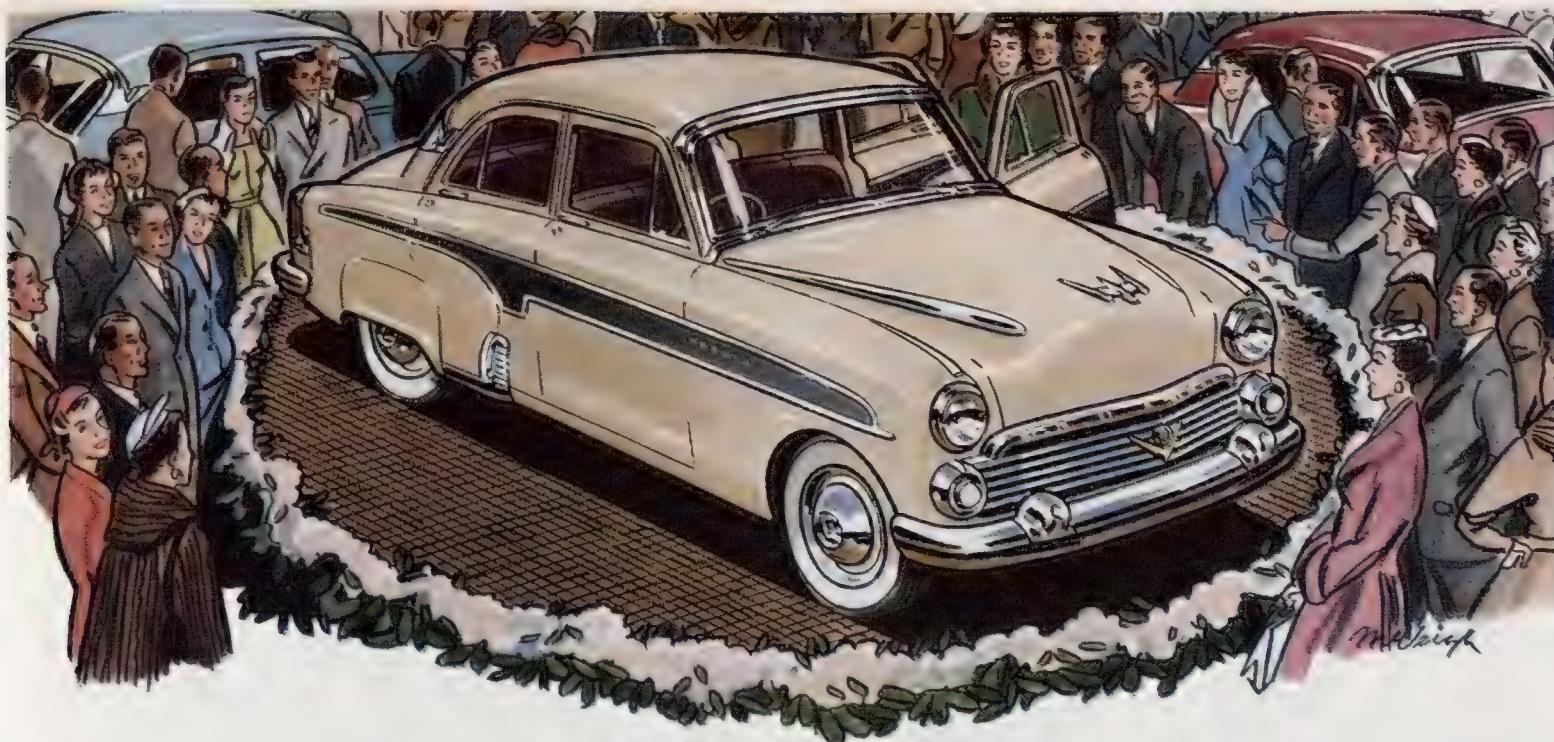
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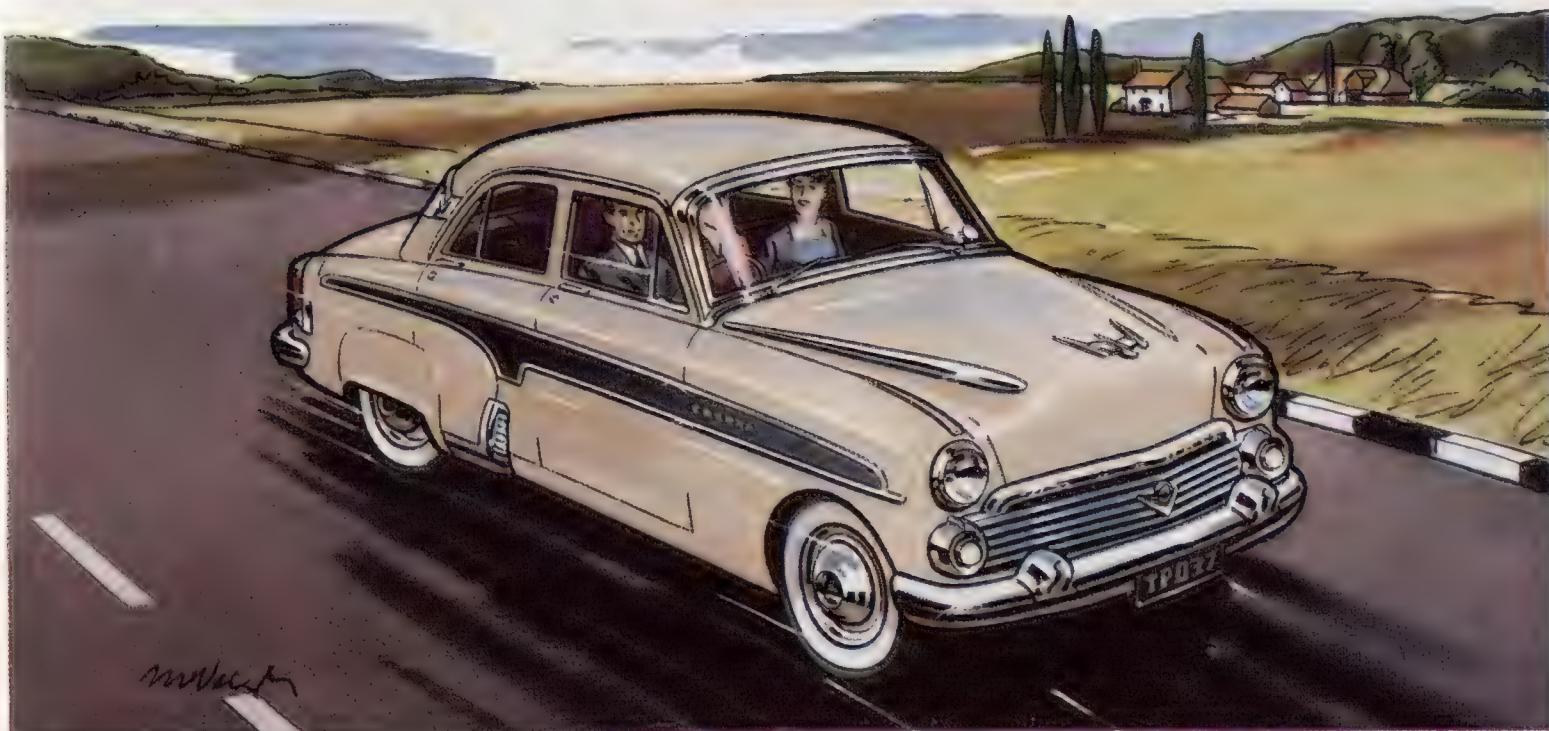
top-gear performance which makes even city driving pleasurable).

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Prices? The 6-cylinder Cresta is £640 (P.T. £321.7s.). The Velox 6, with simpler appointments, £580 (P.T. £291.7s.). The 4-cylinder Wyvern, £535 (P.T. £268.17s.). They're available for you to see and try now! Let your Vauxhall Dealer give you a trial run. You'll find . . .

. . . the **new** car you'll enjoy is a Vauxhall



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SEE THE  CARS STAND 142 & 165 EARLS COURT

STOP PRESS

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The most thrilling holiday we've ever known . . .

"We've been touring round South Africa for six weeks and we're spending a week or two at this delightful coast resort before flying home. What a wonderful time we've had. Every waking hour was packed with adventure. Imagine the thrill of having real live lions strolling past while you sit safely in your car . . . or great clumsy hippos drowsing in the river . . . and all the animals you see roaming free in the game reserves."

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STAYING IN LONDON



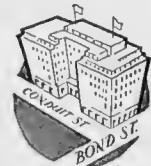
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Twice monthly a liner leaves London for South and East Africa—alternately via the Mediterranean or the Canaries. This is the Round Africa service: and passengers may book for the entire 9-week, 15,000-mile voyage, in tonic sea air and sunshine, calling at about 20 ports.

Ask your Travel Agent for illustrated literature; also for details of reduced fares by certain sailings in 1957, or apply to 3 Fenchurch Street, London, EC3.

UNION-CASTLE



Miss Terry

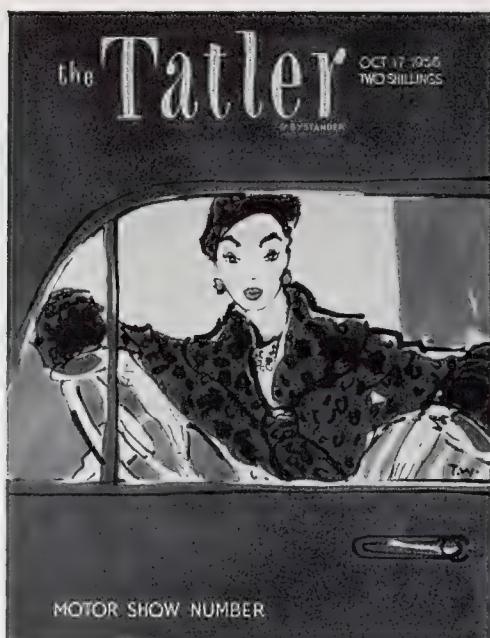
haute couture

A Swiss Jersey dress and jacket ensemble impeccably tailored for tidy country or town. The dress has three-quarter-length sleeves and three flat pleats at the back of the skirt to ensure pencil line with ample freedom and a bodice cut on princess lines to the hip pocket. The dress may be worn beltless or with the belt which finds each individual waistline—long or short. In Charcoal, Warm Red, Lovat Green, Smokey Turquoise Blue, etc.

Small, medium and quite large sizes. 19½ gns.

Miss Terry designs enchanting Jersey hats to match at £3 19s. 6d.

53, Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge
London, S.W.1. Kensington 1909



TAGE WERNER, the artist, has designed The TATLER cover this week. Though Danish-born, he has made his home in England for the last twenty years. In addition to his many commitments as a fashion artist, he is intensely interested in interior decoration, and has also found time to execute a magnificent mural in period style in his drawing-room. The striking leopard skin jacket with detachable cravat, portrayed on the cover, is from Bradleys

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 17 to October 24

- Oct. 17 (Wed.)** International Motor Show (to 27th), Earl's Court, London.
 Royal Ulster Agricultural Show (to 19th), Balmoral, Belfast.
 Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Show, St. Helier, Jersey.
 Association Football: England v. France (under 23), at Wembley.
 British Schools Exploring Society Dinner and Ball at the Savoy Hotel.
 XI Hussars Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 Racing at Newmarket (4 days—Cesarewitch) and at Cheltenham (2 days).
- Oct. 18 (Thurs.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opens Agriculture House, the new headquarters of the National Farmers' Union near Hyde Park.
 The Duke of Gloucester, as President, presents the Stanhope Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society at York House.
 The fifth annual Trafalgar Fair in aid of the British Sailors' Society opened at 11 a.m. by the Lady Mayoress at Londonderry House.
 Dance: Mrs. John Bradford and Mrs. Charles Peczenik for Miss Alison Bradford and Miss Sheila Peczenik at Claridge's.
 Wine and Food Society Dinner at the Dorchester.
 XI Hussars Regimental Dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 British Horse Society Trials at Chatsworth Park, Baslow, Derbyshire.
- Oct. 19 (Fri.)** Steeplechasing at Kelso and Newton Abbot (two days).
- Oct. 20 (Sat.)** Royal Signals Regimental Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 Racing at Sandown and Stockton.
- Oct. 21 (Sun.)** Trafalgar Day.
- Oct. 22 (Mon.)** Steeplechasing at Hurst Park (three days).
- Oct. 23 (Tues.)** The Queen holds an Investiture at Buckingham Palace at 11 a.m.
 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends a dedication service of the Roll of Honour, 1939–46, of officers of the armies of the Commonwealth, at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Her Majesty will later attend the Victoria League Concert at the Festival Hall.
 The 70th Annual Dairy Show at Olympia (four days).
 Monte Carlo Rally Ball at the Savoy in aid of the Gosfield Hall Appeal.
 First night of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Old Vic.
- Oct. 24 (Wed.)** The Queen visits the headquarters of the Royal Engineers at Chatham. Her Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief of the Corps. Princess Marie-Louise, as ball president, attends the 500 Ball in aid of the British Rheumatic Association at Claridge's.
 The Racehorse Owners' Association dinner-dance at the Dorchester.



Martin Douglas says

that fashion will favour contrast.

Black is blacker. Blonde is fairer—

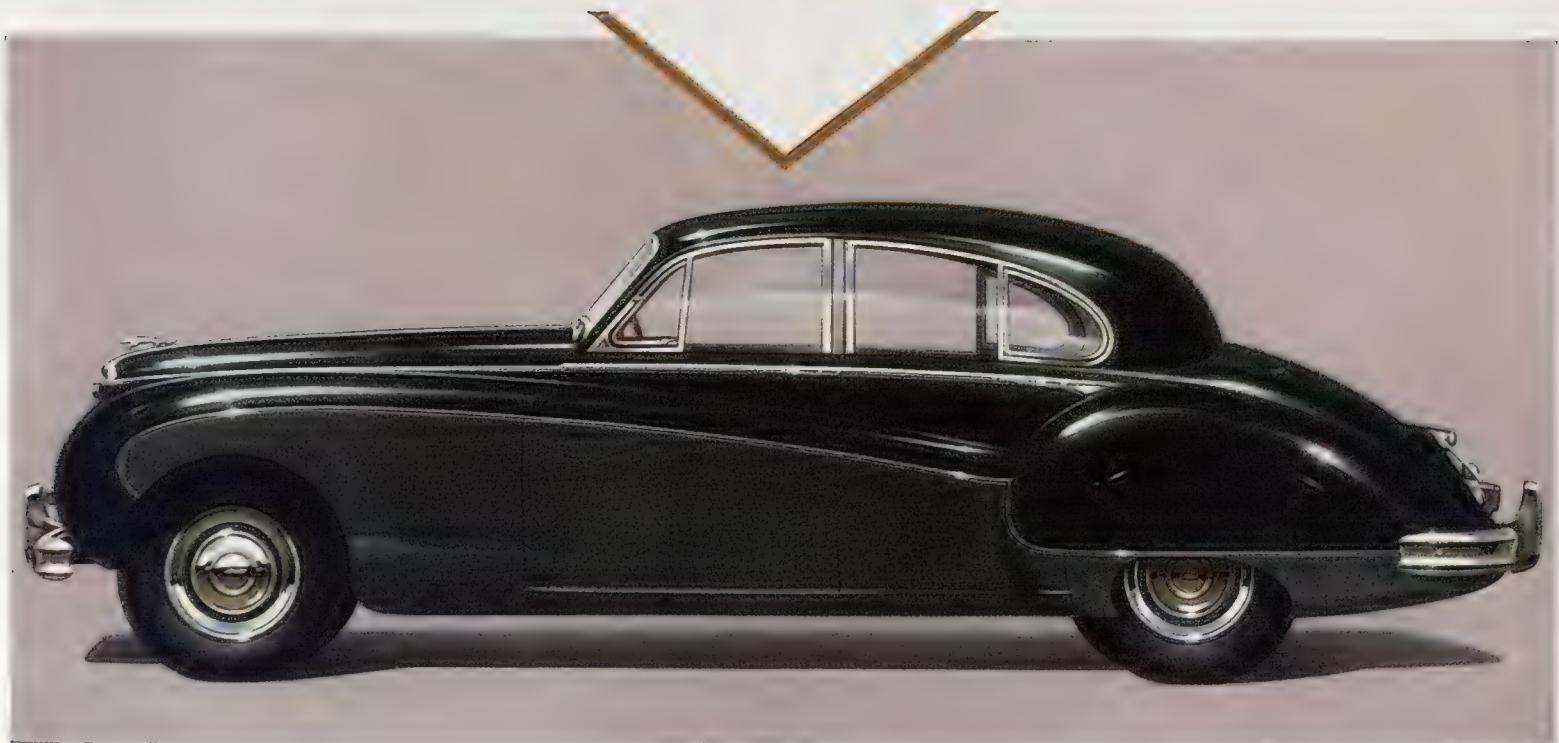
and hair, by the way, is smoother—

much, much more elegant

Incidentally, the London address of Martin Douglas is 30 Davies Street, W.1 on Mayfair 8776-7, and the address in Leeds is Headrow House, The Headrow. The telephone number is Leeds 33322

JAGUAR ANNOUNCE THE

VIII
mark eight



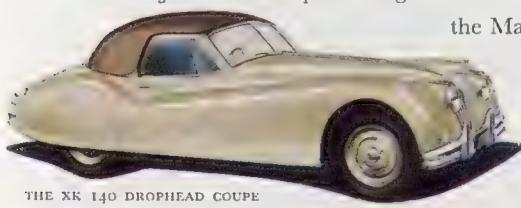
A new luxury model now joins the Jaguar range

Here to join the world-famous Mark VII, XK and 2.4 litre models, is the Mark Eight—one of the most luxurious models ever offered as a series production car. Interior furnishings, cabinet work, fitments and accessories are in the tradition of refinement and craftsmanship usually associated only with the art of specialist coachbuilders, whilst a degree of mechanical refinement has been achieved which stamps this car as outstanding even amongst the distinguished Jaguar range which it now joins. Whilst preserving the basic lines of the Mark VII,

the Mark Eight has its own distinctive frontal appearance and is

offered in a wide range of two-tone exterior colours. It is available either with Automatic Transmission or Overdrive, or with normal manually-operated gearbox. Amongst the many interior refinements are flush-folding occasional tables in the rear compartment, hand-finished polished walnut fittings, deep pile rugs and extra deep luxurious Dunlopillo cushions, upholstered in specially selected fine grain soft-tanned leather.

MECHANICAL ADVANCES include new cylinder head and induction system with type HD6 SU carburetters and twin exhausts. An important advance in the operation of the Automatic Transmission system is the fingertip control which enables the intermediate gear to be held indefinitely, and a new brake pedal layout permitting the use of either left or right foot.



THE XK 140 DROPHEAD COUPE

The current range of models continues for 1957:—

The Mark VII 3½ litre Saloon, with Automatic Transmission (now with new fingertip control as Mark Eight), Overdrive or normal gearbox.

The 2.4 litre Saloon, Special Equipment and standard models.

The XK 140 3½ litre Open Sports. The XK 140 3½ litre Fixed Head Coupe. The XK 140 3½ litre Drophead Coupe.
The 'D' type 3½ litre Competition Model



THE 2.4 LITRE SALOON

Inventions in Guinness Time... 5

THE GRAMOPHONE

When Father's new phonograph stood in the hall,
 He said, with forgivable pride,
 "Just think! We'll hear Patti sing Brahms and Scarlatti
 Without ever stepping outside!"

But Grandfather said, "It's a shame
 To give new-fangled things such acclaim;
 That's what you're wrong about—
 I make a song about
 Guinness—that's always the same!"

"But see," exclaimed Father, "the elegant horn,
 The cylinders coated with wax.
 With the latest improvements they last a whole movement
 (Twice over, including the cracks)."

But Grandfather muttered, "My hat!
 It's no good to me, and that's flat!
 If I'm to last longer,
 I'll have to be stronger—
 I need Guinness Goodness for that!"

Guinness is good for you



"Mark my words, we'll
 have no more privacy."

TWO SHILLINGS
Volume CCXXII. No. 2884

OCT. 17
1956



Clayton Evans

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Balfour and Roxane

THE HON. MRS. IAN BALFOUR is the wife of Lord Balfour of Inchrye's son and heir, whom she married in 1953. She was formerly Miss Maria Bernard, and is the only child of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Morogh Bernard and niece of Viscount

Melville. This photograph of Roxane, who was a year old last month, and her mother was taken in the drawing-room of the Balfours' charming house in Thurloe Street, S.W.7. Mrs. Balfour is a talented painter and her husband composes music



The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
OCTOBER 17,
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Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cannon with their daughter
Miss. Victoria Cannon

Mr. Peter Stormonth-Darling, the best man, Mr.
Patrick Stormonth-Darling, Mrs. Stormonth-
Darling, Mr. and Mrs. R. Clifford-Turner



Mrs. Sheffield and Mr. John
Sheffield

Mr. Robert Buxton and Miss
Caroline York



Mr. John Mowbray was a guest with his fiancee,
Miss Lavinia Hugonin



Lady Monson and the Hon.
Sandra Monson



Mr. G. E. Goodhew and Mrs.
Goodhew



The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
OCTOBER 17,
1956
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A. V. Suabe



MISS SUSAN CLIFFORD-TURNER became the bride this month of Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Clifford-Turner of Hobart Place, S.W.1, and he is the elder son of Mr. P. Stormonth-Darling of Bridge of Cally, Perthshire, and Mrs. Stormonth-Darling of Swan Walk, S.W.3. Above, Mr. Geoffrey Buxton, who proposed the couple's health

AN AUTUMN WEDDING AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE



Miss T. Ruscoe, Lady Sarah Cadogan
and Mr. T. Thornton



Mr. J. G. Moreno and Mrs. Moreno
were also present



Miss D. Herbert, Mr. P. Bertie and
Miss C. Roberts



IN THEIR OLD IRISH GARDEN

LORD AND LADY DE FREYNE were here enjoying the sun in the garden of their home, the Old Glebe House, Shankill, near Dublin. Lord de Freyne is the seventh baron, succeeding his father to the title in 1935. He married Miss Shirley Anne Pobojoy in 1954.

Social Journal

Jennifer

AN EXCITING BALLET NIGHT

THE opening night of the famous Russian Bolshoi Theatre Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was a truly wonderful and moving evening—one I shall never forget. This great company gave us *Romeo And Juliet* (the first time this ballet had been performed in London) with music by S. Prokofiev. It was a superb performance and almost incredible when one realized they had had less than forty-eight hours in which to rehearse on this stage, which, I was told, is much smaller than that of their theatre in Moscow. Owing to the delay in their arrival it was a miracle that they were able to open on time, and one was proud to hear, in a speech from the stage after the final curtain, that the producers had had every possible help from the British workmen at the Royal Opera House who worked unceasingly in getting scenery, curtains and lighting all in place for the opening night.

THE Bolshoi company is a very large one, headed by their great ballerina Galina Ulanova, whose grace is extraordinary. The rhythm, perfection and tempo of the whole cast was quite wonderful; exciting and exhilarating to a degree. From the tremendous ovation they received it was clear that everyone in the packed house had also enjoyed the evening.

The Prime Minister and Lady Eden watched the performance from the Royal Box with Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, whose other guests included Sir William Hayter the British Ambassador in Moscow, and Lady Hayter, Sir Harold Wernher and his charming Russian-born wife Lady Zia Wernher, and Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke and Lady Alanbrooke. On the opposite side the Rt. Hon. "Rab" Butler, Lord Privy Seal, was in a box with Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Viscountess Kilmuir and Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier. In the centre of the circle our superb ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, wearing a

scarlet satin dress, was sitting with her husband Señor Arias, the Panamanian Ambassador, and Mr. and Mrs. John Carras. Another famous ballerina, Moira Shearer, was in the audience with her husband Mr. Ludovic Kennedy. I met the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglof who wore a striking sheath brocade dress with a long shower of tulle falling at the back, also the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza looking lovely in black. Earl Jellicoe, back from our Embassy in Bagdad for a short visit, was escorting his wife. They were among guests at a supper party on the stage after the performance, when one was able to meet members of this great ballet company.

Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland, and Lady Wakehurst had flown over for the evening, and I saw the Earl and Countess of Harewood (who like the Wakehursts went on to the party), Viscount and Viscountess Moore talking to Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell in one of the intervals, and Sir Gerald and Lady Kelly. Mr. Harry Laurence, the South African politician, and his attractive wife, who are over from Cape Town, were sitting in the front row of the stalls, and Lady Willoughby de Broke was escorted by Mr. Edelman, who had the great advantage on this occasion of speaking Russian. Also present were Lady Juliet Duff, the Mayor of Westminster and Mrs. Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bonham-Carter, and those great personalities of our ballet, Dame Ninette de Valois, Mr. Frederick Ashton, Michael Somes, Robert Helpmann and Anton Dolin.

★ ★ ★

I FLEW over to Dublin for the night to attend the ball which Sir Walter Monckton's daughter, Lady Goulding, organized so well in aid of the Central Remedial Clinic, Goatstown, Co. Dublin. Lady Goulding is chairman of the governors of this clinic, which is the only one of its kind in Ireland. After-care treatment is given there to those who are

crippled or vitally handicapped by poliomyelitis, and other orthopaedic conditions. Seventy-five per cent of these cases are due to polio and the majority are children. The Clinic was only founded five years ago, when it consisted of one small room at the top of three flights of stairs, with two patients attending regularly. Since August, 1951, such has been the increase that nearly three hundred patients have been treated, of whom 145 have been discharged while 150 are still under regular treatment in the Clinic's new premises Prospect Hall, which were opened officially by the President of Eire early this year.

Lady Goulding, the mother of three children, is also the Hon. Treasurer of a "Fund Raising" committee, which is needed not only to maintain the Clinic but also to purchase the latest equipment. They hope soon to build a swimming pool for therapeutic treatment. She told me of the wonderful work done by voluntary workers, especially the drivers, who give their services and their cars free of charge. Most of them are busy housewives who work conscientiously throughout the year driving the children to have treatment, and without them the Clinic could not function. Here is a chance for Irishmen and women all over the world who read this story to send a contribution (no matter how small, but the bigger the better!) to Lady Goulding at the Clinic.

THE ball was held at the Shelbourne Hotel and was also the occasion of the opening of their fine new ballroom, which holds about four hundred comfortably and has tables arranged on two sides of the dance floor and on a wide tiered balcony around it. It will be a very welcome addition as a setting for dances and other functions in Dublin. Some four hundred guests came to support the ball in aid of this very good cause, which will benefit by an excellent sum as the Shelbourne Hotel only took twelve shillings and sixpence a head out of the three guinea tickets.

Mr. Noël Coward spoke during the evening on behalf of the Clinic. He has been in Dublin in connection with his new play, *Nude With Violin*, which opens at the Globe Theatre in London on November 7.

Among other guests were Prince Jean Faucigny-Lucinge who was in Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jury's party, Lord and Lady Killanin, G/Capt. and Mrs. Tighe, Mr. and Mrs. Roly Byers who brought a party over from their charming home at Clonsilla including his brother, Mr. Stafford Byers, Mrs. Monty Cavanagh looking quite lovely in a black embossed mousseline dress, and Sir Richard Musgrave. Lord and Lady de Freyne were there, the latter in white, also the Mayor of Dublin and Mrs. Briscoe, and Miss Nora Fitzgerald, one of the governors of the Clinic, who was in a big party which included Mr. Charlie Bird the gay and go-ahead American joint-Master of the Meath Hounds.

Others included Princess Caracciolo who had a big party, Miss Sybil Connolly the clever Irish couture designer, very chic in black and white, Mrs. Cedric Callaghan, Mr. William Murphy, vice chairman of the Governors, and Mrs. Murphy, Col. Tom Cairns, Sir Anthony Weldon, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy O'Driscoll, the Marquise de Ravelan, and Sir Basil Goulding, who had greatly helped his wife with her splendid effort for this Clinic, in which he also takes a very practical interest.

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I SPENT a most interesting and enjoyable hour in the vast cellars of Lebègue, the City wine shippers, on the occasion of the first "Ladies Day" in their annual wine tasting week, which is the largest and most important event of its kind in the world. It gives wine merchants of the United Kingdom an opportunity to compare the relative merits of different French wines and vintages on a very extensive scale. Each year the leading growers and owners of the world famous Châteaux come here to show their products and often take the opportunity to taste those of rival districts. Although the annual tasting is primarily arranged for wine merchants, Lebègue's also count among their guests leading gourmets, writers on the grape, ambassadors and members of the Diplomatic Corps and interested visitors from foreign countries.

For the first time this year one day was set aside as "Ladies Day." Women are now buying a great deal more wine and are becoming very knowledgeable on the subject, so it was a gracious idea to give some of them the opportunity of tasting the 200 French table wines under the tutelage of the French Château owners, the only men admitted.

I went round the vast, candlelit cellars guided by a most charming personality, Comte Hubert de Beaumont of Château Latour, Pauillac, where he produces some of the finest clarets in the world. Among first growth clarets his Château bottled Château Latour, Pauillac 1952 vintage, was outstanding according to one of the great gourmets I met. Besides this fine display of wines there was also a small show of really lovely wine glasses made by Baccarat of Paris, and my courteous guide explained to me how a tulip shaped glass was preferable to concentrate the bouquet, and for champagne one with a hollow stem.

There was a wonderful cold buffet including a baron of beef served by five chefs! While the candlelit luncheon tables were arranged between rows of wine casks. Mr. Guy Prince, head of this famous firm, received the guests with Mrs. Prince, who later was a charming hostess looking after everybody at luncheon.

Among those present were the Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Audrey

[Continued overleaf]



TWO QUEENS AT BRIDAL

THE Hon. Flora Fraser, daughter of Lord and Lady Saltoun, is seen above leaving St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Fraserburgh, with Capt. Alexander Ramsay, son of Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, after their wedding

The Earl and Countess of Southesk arriving

Sir Henry and Lady Abel Smith were also guests



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Queen Ingrid of Denmark, with the Marquess of Aberdeen and Lord Saltoun



Godfrey Cade

SIR ROBERT AND LADY MUIR-MACKENZIE outside their Hampstead home. They have two children, Miranda, aged seven and a half, and Alexander, eight months old, while Lady Muir-Mackenzie has Catriona and Diarmid Campbell by her marriage to the late Brig. Campbell

Withers, the very knowledgeable Editor of *Vogue*, Mrs. Dickinson of *Harper's Bazaar*, Mrs. Ralph Cobbold whose husband is a partner in one of the oldest firms of wine merchants in the West End, Miss Margery Allingham the famous novelist whose great book, *The Tiger In The Smoke*, is now being filmed, and Mrs. Peter Ustinov, wife of the famous actor-playwright.

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THE ballroom of Londonderry House, and the adjoining room, were full of men and women one early evening recently. They were eager to see the autumn collections of those clever Italian designers Simonetta and Fabiani, a dress show organized to raise funds for the Jerusalem Baby Home. Although Donna Simonetta (who was born the Duchessa Colonna di Cesaro) and her husband Signor Alberto Fabiani both design clothes, they head rival couture establishments, and this was the first time their collections have been shown in London.

Although I felt that a few of the models would never be suitable to wear on any occasion in this country, the majority of the clothes were lovely. They included a lot of black and grey, but also a refreshing use of colour combined with many beautiful fabrics, especially the Italian silks and satins.

Among the audience were Viscount Bearsted, Lord Mancroft and Lord Melchett with their wives. The Countess of Harewood, very neat in black, came alone and sat near Sir Simon and Lady Marks; the latter wearing a white mink stole with her black dress has generously contributed and worked hard to raise money for the Baby Home. I also met Sir Archibald McIndoe, the great plastic surgeon, who told me he had just got back from his day's work in hospital when his wife persuaded him to accompany her to the show, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maidwell—he was off by air next day to the Middle East on a business trip—Ann-Lady Orr-Lewis with her arm in a sling as the result of a fall while staying in the country with Earl and Countess Beatty the previous weekend, Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Mrs. Diana Walker and Mrs. Gerald Legge, who looked in for a short while towards the end.

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IFLEW over to Paris to see that magnificent racehorse, perhaps the greatest of any time, Ribot, win the valuable Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp for the second year running. The cheers of the crowds on both sides of the course were terrific, when after coming into the straight he drew away from the other runners and won easily by six lengths. The British horse, Mr. Geoffrey Oldham's Talgo, finished second two lengths ahead of the French horse, M. Francois Dupre's Tanerko, with the American entry Mr. C. V. Whitney's Career Boy fourth to make it a truly international race.

Ribot's owners, Donna Lydia Tesio and the Marchese Incisa della Rochetta, were both there to see him run. Donna Lydia Tesio is the eighty-year-old widow of the late Signor Tesio, who bred and trained Ribot until his death; and at his famous stud in Italy bred such magnificent horses as Nearco and Tenerani, sire of Ribot, who now stands at our National Stud. After the race both of the winner's joint owners were inundated with congratulations, and I noticed Donna Tesio having a long talk to the young owner of the second, Mr. Geoffrey Oldham, whose mother and brother flew over to Paris to see the race. Lord Willoughby de Broke senior steward of our Jockey Club was one of the first to congratulate both owners, with Lady Willoughby de Broke.

Baron Guy de Rothschild, who won the third race with Reux, Mme. Leon Volterra who had two runners in the big race, and M. Maurice Hennessy, head of the French branch of this famous family, who has several horses in training in France, also offered their felicitations.

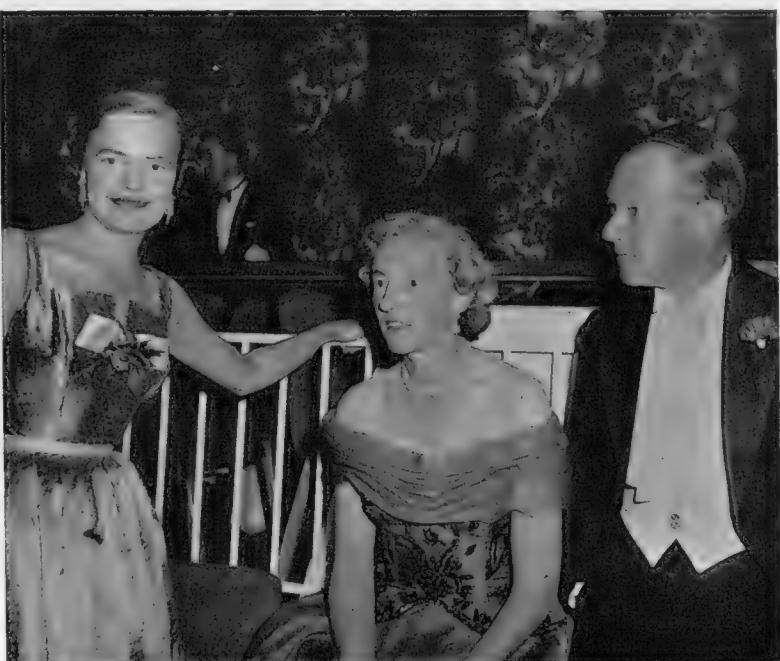
All who were present will agree that it was one of the most magnificent and inspiring races to have watched. Ribot, who has won all the sixteen races he has started in and over £100,000 in prize money, now retires to stud, possibly in England if arrangements can be made for him to stand at the Earl of Derby's Newmarket stud.

The last two races seemed rather flat after this great event. They were both won by M. R. B. Strassburger, who later that evening gave a cocktail party for many racing friends.

ON the eve of the big race M. Marcel Boussac gave his usual big dinner party for men only at Maxim's. The speeches are always interesting, and I was told that the most amusing this year was made by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who spoke in French.

I have never seen so many visitors from England, Ireland and Italy and also a large number of Americans at Longchamp. Among those watching the racing I saw the Earl of Fingall, the Earl of Harrington, Lady Ainsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Wachman, who had all come over from Ireland. Lord and Lady McCordale and their pretty younger daughter, the Hon. Prue McCordale, were there, also Sir Napoleon and Lady Brinckman, Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor Lewis, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell Bouverie, Brig. and Mrs. Derek Schreiber, the Hon. Neville Berry, Mr. Stephen and Lady Ursula Vernon, Lady Zia Wernher, Miss Serena Sheffield, Col. and Mrs. Murray Lawes, Mrs. Bill Curling, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, there to see Zarathustra run, the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cavendish Bentinck and Mr. Henry Tiarks, who had all come over from England. The latter was talking to Lord Ismay on the steps of one of the Tribunes. American Mr. John Schapiro, of Laurel Park fame, was also a spectator.

I stayed at the Ritz Hotel, which is not only one of the quietest, most elegant and quite perfectly run hotels in the world, but it is also the meeting place for so many who come to Paris. In the Ritz bar before lunch Sir Rhys Llewellyn was in a party with Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt and Major and the Hon. Mrs. Neil Cooper-Key. Mr. Geoffrey and Mr. Brian Rootes and their very attractive wives were at one of the corner tables. They were staying longer than the weekend as they had business to attend to during the Paris Motor Show which was also in full swing. At another table was a very gay young party who had flown over for the day to see the big race; it included Mr. Francis Williams,



Mrs. Peter Jury, with Sir Hugh Nugent and Lady Nugent

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Le Marchant, Lt. and Mrs. Ted Troubridge, Mr. Mark and Lady Annabel Birley and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hildyard.

On the other side of the Ritz Hotel or down the famous long corridor with its hundreds of fascinating show cases one also frequently meets friends. This weekend it was the Earl of Hardwicke, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, the Hon. George Borwick who was lunching with Mrs. Oldham and her sons, Mr. Peter Cazalet and his very pretty wife, who was beautifully turned out, Mrs. Edward Slesinger and her elder son John, Mr. Whatley and his daughter Paula, a débutante next season, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hoare out from Norfolk, Mr. and Mrs. William Clegg on their way to dine accompanied by the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Ward and Mrs. Frederick Sigrist, who had her young daughter Frederica lunching with her. The latter, who is with a family in Paris until she joins her parents in Nassau at Christmas, promises to be one of the loveliest or possibly the loveliest débutante of 1957.

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After the marriage of Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling and Miss Susan Clifford-Turner, which was solemnized at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents Mr. Patrick Stormonth-Darling and Mrs. Stormonth-Darling. This was an exceptionally pretty wedding. The bride who is only eighteen looked enchanting in a blue-white satin wedding dress with a fifteen-foot train. The front of the dress was covered in tulle sewn with hundreds of small pearls and cascades of crystal beads, and the little satin coronet which held her tulle veil in place was trimmed with drop pearls.

She was attended by two little pages, Thomas Bailey and Nigel Goodhew, wearing miniature full dress 9th Lancers uniforms. The eight bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner, Miss Angela Sheffield, Miss Penny Hopton, Miss Melissa Fairbanks, Miss Victoria Sykes, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Miss Mary Illingworth and Miss Frances Sweeny. They wore most attractive dresses with very full skirts of pink taffeta covered with silk tulle caught with rosebuds, and pink flowers in their hair.

Among the many guests I saw at the wedding were the Duchess of Argyll with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Lady Bailey with Mr. and Mrs. Kemp-Welch, Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Illingworth, who all had a son or daughter in the bridal retinue. Also the bride's godfather, Mr. Geoffrey Buxton, who proposed their health, Mr. Peter Stormonth-Darling, who was best man to his brother, their sister Mrs. Murray de Klee, and Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, with whom the bride studied as a Cygnet before she made her début in 1955. Also Lady Monson and her daughter Sandra, Mr. Julian Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Eksdale-Fishburn, Mr. John Adams and Mr. Julian Mitchell.

Many other young friends were there including Lady Sarah and Lady Daphne Cadogan, Mr. Tim Thornton, Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, Mr. Donald Marr, Miss Dawn Lawrence, Miss Fiona Duthy, who was off to work at art in America the following day, Miss Charlotte Bowater, Miss Fiona Munro, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Miss Penelope d'Erlanger who came with her mother, and Miss Victoria Cannon who accompanied her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cannon.



DUBLIN CHARITY BALL

AN opening dance was recently held in the Shelbourne Hotel ballroom, Dublin, in aid of the Central Remedial Clinic. Among those present were (above) Dr. Cruise Callaghan, Lady Goulding, who founded the Clinic, and Mrs. Callaghan



Mrs. Murphy, Mr. William Murphy, Mrs. Fred Hill and Sir Basil Goulding, Bt., were looking on from the balcony



Sir Richard Musgrave, Bt., Mrs. Montague Kavanagh and Lt.-Col. Roly Byers



Mr. Charles Bird, joint-Master of the Meath, with the Hon. Mrs. Charles Evans

C. C. Fennell

RIDDLE OF THE STEPPES

GEORGE GULLEY, eminent ballet critic who recently considered the American Ballet Theatre, here examines with equal sincerity, passion and judgment the Bolshoi Company, and in particular their "Romeo And Juliet" production



THE BOLSHOI BALLET COMPANY opened as promised at Covent Garden. For their first performance "Romeo And Juliet" was chosen with world-famous Galina Ulanova playing Juliet. Her Romeo was Yuri Zhdanov. This picture, taken during the actual first performance, is the moment in Act III, Scene III, when Tybalt (Konstantine Rikktor) kills Mercutio (Sergei Koren) with superb realism

THE Sphinx, it may be, is pursuing the wisest course in protecting its own reputation by keeping silent. But now after forty years of revolution, bloodshed, the extermination of capitalistic patronage and the promotion of Culture for the people and by the people, we know the secret of the legendary Bolshoi ballet, the heir to all that was vital in the tsarist cradle of that art. It seems remarkably like the familiar epics of the Brothers Melvillski at the Lyceumoff Theatre in the first decade of this century.

The mysterious and almost unexplored mountain has revealed its offspring and it turns out to be not a mouse nor even an elephant but a mammoth. *Romeo And Juliet*, as we saw it in the glittering social glory of Covent Garden (a people's theatre by the way), has every right to be judged by modern standards, for Prokofiev composed it only fifteen years ago and it is therefore a younger work than, for example, our own *Façade*.

Its merits as lower middlebrow entertainment are abundant. There is ton upon ton of scenery, all bigger and better and cleaner than real: even glorious Technicolor in three dimensions on the widest screen cannot compete with this verisimilitude. There are superbly regimented crowds of courtiers, peasants and students, street fights with swords and rapiers, and banquets better than anything Sir Alma Tadema ever immortalized for the most luxurious of Christmas numbers.

A MOST refreshing virility imbues the male section of the *corps de ballet*, which I hope will provide our own mentors with a subject for their next agenda. There is so much miming that the imagination can pack up and do its boggling elsewhere.

It is based, we are assured by the programme, upon the play by Shakespeare, including those notable characters "Juliet's Friend" and "Troubadour" (Nina Chistova and Boris Khoklov), whose expertise was the most memorable part of the evening.

And so to the fairy on the tip top of this Christmas tree, Galina Ulanova herself in person as Juliet. She is a graceful, sad-faced lady of about 45, who disdains a discreet make-up and who, in an unkind lighting plot, designed for a larger stage, looked every summer of her years. She dances like a feather or leaf or a technically perfect prima ballerina, but never like the adolescent Juliet. Her appeal is that of a diamond, but the heroine of this romance should surely be a pearl.

YURI ZHDANOV as Romeo did well enough: he is an athletic performer on the heavyweight side, at his best with a rapier in his hand. Yet again and again we sighed for some wizard to sweep away the years and make these lovers convincing in all their surrounding welter of reality.

Those fortunate customers who have obtained seats at high prices in this heavily subsidized theatre can be assured of an evening of unstinted entertainment as rich as a plum cake made by Mrs. Beeton herself for the hamper of a favourite nephew, and probably comment is best left at that.

If this work is to be taken as the prize specimen of all that is best in the cultural thought and progress of half the world then the occasion is sad indeed. But perhaps it is we who are the losers, perhaps this splendid troupe was directed to show us only their simpler delights and to keep concealed the fruits of forty years' progress. Let us respectfully hope so, for fellow travellers are never wrong, or so I am constantly informed. In any case, we all enjoyed ourselves vastly and my private bet is that Miss Fonteyn is due for a triumph when she passes the safety curtain



Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier were there to applaud the Russian dancers

AT COVENT GARDEN

THE first night of the Bolshoi Ballet at the Royal Opera House was a great social and cultural occasion, witnessed by the Prime Minister and leading stage and ballet figures



Miss Vivienne Marks, Mr. P. Endericos and Miss Alicia Markova



H.E. Dr. Roberto Arias, Panamanian Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. John Carras and Mme. Arias (Dame Margot Fonteyn)

Miss Mary Rose O'Neill was here with Mr. David Barrie

Mme. de Souza Leao-Gracie and her daughter Elizabeth



Mrs. Lennon and Mr. Dennis Lennon, the architect



Miss Maureen Swanson talking to Mr. Colin Clark



One of the sensations of the Tunbridge Wells exhibition was (above) M. George Bouton, riding one of the first De Dion tricycles ever made. On the right, the Hon. Evelyn Ellis in the Panhard which he demonstrated. It is now a revered exhibit in the Science Museum, South Kensington



WHEN PRODIGIES APPEARED IN A KENTISH FIELD



Sir David Salomons, Bt. (left) driving his single-cylinder Peugeot into the Tunbridge arena

ST. JOHN C. NIXON, doyen of motoring journalists, tells the story of the first of all British motor shows: exhibits five, spectators five thousand

ON Monday, October 15, precisely, sixty-one years had passed since Sir David Salomons, Bt., engineered at Tunbridge Wells the first motor exhibition ever held in this country.

Salomons was a remarkable character in many ways. Mechanical and electrical engineering was almost a religion to him, and at his beautiful seat at Tunbridge Wells he had one of the most perfectly equipped amateur workshops in the country. As far back as 1875 he had designed and constructed two electrically-driven tricycles, but owing to the primitive state of batteries in those days he never developed his idea.

His extraordinary versatility will be gauged from the fact that he was a barrister of the Middle Temple, Vice-President of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, an M.A. of Caius College, Cambridge, the founder of the Self-Propelled Traffic Association, which afterwards amalgamated with the R.A.C., a founder-member of the latter, and at the time of the exhibition the Mayor of Tunbridge Wells.

Salomons was a man who wrought mightily for the cause of the automobile when not a voice could be heard in its favour and every thumb pointed downwards.

THE motor vehicle had no sooner made its appearance on the Continent than Salomons's scientific mind was fired with enthusiasm. He wished to break down the prejudice in horse-loving England against anything likely to compete with the common "friend of man," and one of his first moves was to agitate for the removal of the existing law which demanded that every self-propelled vehicle should be preceded by a pedestrian.

The total number of motor vehicles in England at that time could certainly be counted on two hands, and probably on one. There was the Panhard—still in the Science Museum at South Kensington—which the Hon. Evelyn Ellis and my old friend, F. R. Simms brought to this country during July, 1895. The late



On tow in the 1890s. This ambiguous vehicle was the De Dion "steam horse" (here seen at the end of the Rouen Trials of 1894), another Tunbridge exhibit, which foreshadowed the modern tractor

Lord Austin of Longbridge (then Mr. Herbert Austin) was experimenting with a car of his own design, which was the first Wolseley car ever made. Dr. Frederick Lanchester, F.R.S., was at work on another car of his own design, and J. H. Knight of Farnham had contrived a petrol-driven car with a belt-drive.

Such, briefly, was the condition of British automobilism when Sir David Salomons hammered the first nail into the coffin of public prejudice in an endeavour to open the eyes of the public to the immense new potential industry.

He experienced great difficulty in organizing his enterprise. The agricultural show ground chosen for it was little else than a roped-off piece of field, the surface of which was very soft and wet owing to the rains and dews of mid-October, and this made extremely heavy going for the vehicles which, with one exception, had either solid rubber or iron tyres.

Among the five entries was that of George Bouton, the partner of the then Count De Dion, who was induced to bring over from France one of the first De Dion-Bouton tricycles ever made; it had an engine little more powerful than those commonly fitted to small motor mowers, and much hefty pedal-work was necessary owing to the state of the ground.

STORIES of being able to see road vehicles proceed along without horses pulling them had spread rapidly, and fully five thousand turned up to witness these strange proceedings.

It was decided to open the demonstration at 3 p.m., and to the minute, Sir David arrived at the tiller of his Peugeot car shown in the picture, followed by the Hon. Evelyn Ellis—who, by-the-by, was a member of the de Walden family—on his Panhard, also illustrated on this page. Then came the De Dion "steam horse" an amazing contraption, consisting of what might be described as the first cousin to a steam traction engine, to the rear of which was hitched an ordinary horse-drawn landau with of course, the shafts removed. In this sat two ladies who did their utmost to appear pleased with life while being hauled round the field by this fiery and snorting monster. The whole outfit rather suggested

that a combat had taken place between horseflesh and steam and that the victor was bringing in the vanquished in triumph.

No one in those days had the slightest idea of what made the wheels of a motor car go round, so occasionally Sir David stopped his car, raised the back part and exhibited to an awestruck public a mass of whirling machinery, which in those days was wholly exposed. He explained how the engine might, with anything like good fortune, produce $3\frac{3}{4}$ h.p., which would give a cruising speed on a good flat road of fully 8 m.p.h. and that given a slight decline, this could be increased to even 15 m.p.h., a statement that caused a mild sensation. It would, also, "run from 180 to 200 miles on one charge of petroleum."



THE Hon. Evelyn Ellis's fire engine was then run on to the course and the local fire brigade gave a demonstration of how a Daimler engine could pump water.

But the *piece de resistance* was left

to the last. This consisted of a hill-climbing display by Salomons and Ellis. The best thing in the way of a hill that the roped-off field could produce was an incline with a reputed gradient of one in forty, but owing to the going being so heavy both cars had a struggle to get to the top—which, however, they eventually managed to achieve.

Finally Sir David became a lawbreaker by heading a procession along a public highway adjoining the field, relying on his mayoralty to paralyse, temporarily, the arm of the law.

There was at least one touch of intended humour in the proceedings. An ordinary horse-drawn coach was parked inside the enclosure, bearing a notice that it was "a horseless carriage." It certainly was as the horses had been taken from the shafts. A number of spectators were heard to eulogize on the skill with which "the works" had been hidden from view.

Tunbridge Wells can justly claim to have been the town in this country that laid the first brick in the great edifice of motoring to be and the scene of the prototype of the Earls Court motor show. Sir David Salomons lived to see his dreams come true. He died on April 21, 1925, at the age of seventy-three.



Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

TRAFALGAR DAY is on Sunday, and each year as it comes round I recall that on that same day in 1941, I was sent by my paper to write a brief paragraph about the wreaths that had been laid on Nelson's column. Among them was a circle of laurels placed there by the daughter of Admiral Sir James Plomridge, who had been a sub-lieutenant in H.M.S. Defence at the Battle of Trafalgar.

It seemed fantastic then, as it still does, that there was still living, in the years when Hitler stood where Buonaparte had stood, poised for invasion, someone who had been dandled on the knee of a man who had fought under Nelson.

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FISH for breakfast has often fortified me for the rigours of the day ahead. But it had never previously fallen to my lot to see so much fish before breakfast as it did

when I was invited the other day, before fulfilling a lecture engagement, to watch a Grimsby fish auction.

Every weekday in the year, the haul of trawlers putting in from the North Sea and the farther Arctic waters is auctioned on the docks, and at half-past seven men in white coats—buyers for the great wholesale merchants—converge on the quays that border the great square of water where the rust-stained, ungainly little steamers just in from sea are tied up, making a little copse of masts and gear and funnels.

On this particular morning, twenty-two such vessels had landed something like eight hundred tons of fish, half of it cod, all of them staring at me with reproachful eyes from their big ten-stone metal "kits," as I listened to the brisk bark of the auctioneer, found myself gazing with awe at halibut the size of men, and learned

that the pop-eyed bream, rosy as Mediterranean mullets, are officially—and very appropriately—known as "reds"—or as "soldiers."

IN the tangle of little streets around the docks, where you can buy clogs and yellow oilskins, and where many a little ship-chandler's shop carries notices as well in Norwegian as in English, there are little curing bothies where hang the fine, firm-fleshed haddock from around Bear Island, up in the icy shallow waters near Spitzbergen; well inside the Arctic Circle, haddock being cured and smoked in the simplest possible way: scrubbed, washed in brine, and hung through the night in the smoke of softwood sawdust (there is too little seasoned oak these days, and unseasoned wood sends up steam as well as smoke, which would half-cook and thus spoil the fish). The economics of curing is

that you use the sawdust from the workshops where the fish-boxes are made.)

And I learned with pride, being a Londoner by adoption, that as a tribute to the capital's early pre-eminence in the curing art, and to her taste for smoked breakfast fish, the finest haddock of all are called, simply, "Londons."

You would be wrong to imagine, as I was wrong to imagine, that there is any notable fish-restaurant in Grimsby: there is no fish restaurant at all. When somebody set up a modest fish-and-chip shop amongst the little eating-houses on the docks, it soon had to go back to egg and chips, and hot pies and processed peas. A prophet is without honour in his own country—and so, it would seem, are the lordly halibut, the firm-textured sole, and the flaky-fleshed haddock that men of Grimsby win from the sea, and that the merchant-venturers of Grimsby send to the best restaurants of Britain, and on this occasion—I am happy to report—as a princely gift to my own table.

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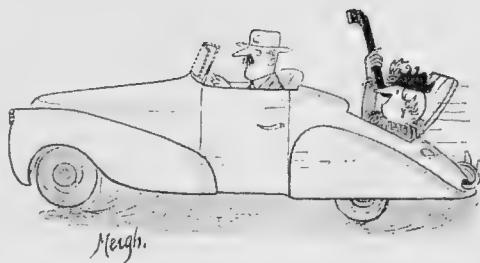
THE long railway journey to the North was wiled away by my happy discovery that now included in the Penguin Poets is a second selection of metrical absurdities gathered by the assiduous Mr. J. M. Cohen called, this time, *More Comic And Curious Verse*, and among them a rollicking anonymous song that I hadn't remembered, let alone sung, for the better part of thirty years.

So it was as well that I had a carriage to myself, and was thus able to try myself out at recalling the tune, as I had been used to carol it from my school song-book, of

Now listen you landsmen unto me, to tell you
the truth I'm bound,
What happened to me by going to sea, and the
wonders that I found;

—such wonders being mainly a matter of being swallowed by a crocodile five hundred miles long, and living inside him for ten years on the flesh of fat bullocks, and rum. Cheerful nonsense, as you see, and none the worse for a rousing chorus of

Tommy rit fal fal li bollem tit, tommy rit fal fal
li dee!



BUT I was specially happy, as I always am, to come upon one of those lilting zoological fantasies of Patrick Barrington's: can one, I wonder, find anywhere a complete collection of his verses of twenty years or so ago? Nowhere have I come upon the complete canon, and one is happy, simply, to find in one anthology after another

I had a hippopotamus: I kept him in a shed,
or

Take me in your arms, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson,
Take me in your arms, Miss Bates;

or

When I was a lad of twenty
And was working in High Street, Ken,
I made quite a pile in a very little while—
I was a bustle-maker then . . .

And what it was, this time, that went clippety-clippety-clop to the sound of the wheels that were carrying me to a fish auction was

I had a duck-billed platypus when I was up at
Trinity,
With whom I soon discovered a remarkable
affinity . . .

A platypus, you may recall, that went into the Diplomatic ("there never was a diplomat more thoroughly reliable,") but was obliged to retire early with a D.B.E. owing to its tactless and unexpected laying of an egg in the Bulgarian Legation.

I have heard of more conventionally constructed diplomats who have gone further and done worse.

★ ★ ★

THERE could hardly be a better place for a memorial to John Nash than the portico of All Souls' Church, Langham Place, where the Minister of Works is to

unveil a portrait bust tomorrow, for this is the church he designed and built to "terminate the prospect" along the northward stretch of Regent Street. Though if Nash had had his way in 1812, and not the Treasury, there would have been a "National Valhalla" in the middle of Regent's Park, with his own statue (I have no doubt) prominent among the forest of stone figures in togas, frozen in their elequence on marble plinths.

Nash was a town-planning genius, and I can no more forgive those highplaced vandals of my father's time who tore down his Regent Street Quadrant than I can those dignitaries of the Church who, between the wars, destroyed more Wren churches than the Luftwaffe ever did. Now, praise be, we are more amiably disposed to the architectural frolics of the Regency than our fathers were—or even Nash's own contemporaries—and Nash's Regent's Park terraces, as John Summerson has happily recorded in his *Georgian London*, "are greatly loved today . . . they have an extravagant scenic character . . . they are dream palaces . . . they suggest architectural glories which make Greenwich tame and Hampton Court provincial." Gimcrack though they are—architectural jokes—they are magnificent.

Just now, in golden autumn sunlight, framed by golden autumn leaves, they are possibly at their loveliest. Long may they last, and long may we look gratefully on the bust in All Souls'.

★ ★ ★

IT was in one of the seediest parts of Bermondsey that I came across a travel-scared heavy lorry, parked and empty, that bore on its radiator-cap a small brass figure of Cupid, drawing his bow. It was obviously much prized, for it was chained and locked in position, but the really significant thing about it was that instead of facing forward and aiming his shaft ahead, as you would expect, the young God of Love was turned half-left and to the rear, pointing his arrow at the passenger's seat.

I should have liked to meet a lorry-driver with so hopeful a heart, and so delicate a taste in classical allusion.

BRIGGS by Graham





SHAKESPEARIAN FRAGMENT

PETER DICKINSON, bearing in mind the fondness for modernizing Shakespeare, here presents *Falstaff in a motoring mishap*



SCENE: the courtyard of a wayside inn.
Enter Shallow and Silence.

Shallow: Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir, give me your hand. And how goes the little sports car you bought at Stamford Fair? A quick one, I'll warrant?

Silence: Alas, Cousin, a dear bargain.

Shallow: But quick, I'll be sworn, a mad thing on the road, Cousin. I had such a car once and, by the rood, I think the watch will still be talking of it by the Inns of Court, and all the way to Gloster too. Nay, not a Justice twixt here and London but has seen the bottom of my purse. How a De Dion Bouton now, not fifty year old, one owner?

Silence: Truly, Cousin, I cannot tell.

Alarums without. Enter severally Falstaff, driving on the wrong side of the road, and Hotspur. They collide.

Hotspur: How now, thou gross and hillock-livered fool,
What mak'st thou upon my side of the road
Driving thy crooked vehicle as though
This narrow highway were
Wide as the waste hills of Northumberland?

Falstaff: Nay, your Honour, would your Honour but hear me I would fain explicate to you the difference between our laws and those of the Scotch, in whose wars your Honour has won such bloody renown as will, I pray, never belaurel these white hairs; for in England it is our custom to use the sinister, or left, side; while the Scotch drive I make no doubt, as was your Honour's pleasure to do but now, upon the dexter, or wrong, part.

Hotspur: Now may my honour ne'er win such endorsements
As will, I pray, belaurel thy white licence.
A witness, ho, a witness.

(To Shallow and Silence)
Did you, Sirs,

See how this fellow comes me cranking in
Upon my passage, cuts me from my mudguard
A huge half-cantle out, and now would swear
He drove upon the right side of the road?

Falstaff: I on the right side? Nay, good Master Shallow (and i' faith 'tis cheerly to see you as sound as a pippin of your own grafting), did you not watch me drive decent and slow as an alderman after dinner on the left side of the road, hugging the kerb as it might be a *bona-roba*, when his Honour of Northumberland has at me round the corner, for, in the rash vehemence of his acceleration, he cannot hold to his part of the highway?

Shallow: But the vehicles, Sir John, the vehicles; they stand not now upon thy side of the road.

Hotspur: Answer thou that, thou Babel of untruth.

Falstaff: The skid, Sirs. Did you not mark the skid? Did you not, after the encounter, hear the tyres howl? They did caterwaul like a sabbat of weird sisters. Had it been any but I at the wheel we might now, all four on us, be drinking the small beer of Styx.

Hotspur: Old Sirs, I cannot wait the morning through
To argue with this small wit hugely housed.
But, Falstaff, when we meet again in court
Thou wilt afford the magistrates some sport. (Exit.)

Shallow: Hasty, hasty, hasty. I was such a boy once, and had such a car too, which, when it was not a-mending, might do full fifty mile an hour, a quick thing in those days, ay, and a mad one. John of Gaunt praised it. I drove once, and they still talk on it, from London to Gloster within two hours, full five score miles and not one mile sober. Mad Shallow they called me then. But come, Cousin, we must to the bench. Adieu, Sir Jack, adieu; not one mile sober; adieu.. (Exeunt.)

Falstaff: Justice, sit light upon thy bench. I do remember this same Justice Shallow. He would ride about Clements Inn upon a penny farthing, sitting above the larger wheel like a little accent upon a great O, and astonished at his own courage; though when he fell 'twas no greater matter than a leaf in October. And now to drive like a mad devil down the high roads of his memory and, between times, to sit on his bench like a withered apple on a rack and amerce tall gentlemen for driving with a little sack in them; a thumbnail full of which would make him sing his sentences.

What a mad thing is this itch for speed. That a man should wear his purse to tatters with keeping a fast car and then weary the King's ministers with crying for new roads to chariot it along as broad and straight as the highway to perdition; and all that he may be some ten minutes less upon the road to Bristol, or, of a Sunday, take his grandam out for a whiff of country petrol. Out upon it. Out, too, upon this soliloquizing; it hath a wondrous drying action in the throat. Landlord! I say, Landlord!

(Exit)



The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
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Mrs. Holm and Mr. Henry Holm, who proposed the health of the host

Mayfair coming of age

IN celebration of the twenty-first birthday of her son John, Mrs. Lorna Snow gave a party at her Park Street home, when many motor racing personalities came to drink his health. Below, Mrs. Snow and her son await the guests



A. V. Swabbe

Miss Susan Ross, Miss June Ballantine, Miss Judith Henson and Mr. Bobby Richardson

Dr. Desmond Nixon, Mr. David Wickins and Lady Strathcarron



Mr. Tommy Sopwith, Mrs. Macdonald Hobley and Mr. Stirling Moss



R. H. Schloss

A late holiday in Venice

SUMMER tarries long by the Adriatic, and among the visitors recently in Venice were (above) Princess Aldobrandini and Mme. J. Pol-Roger, from Paris, seen on the Lido's sun-drenched Excelsior Beach



Viscountess Hambleden enjoys the sun of her native Italy



Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fuller, from Fort Worth, Texas



Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Thompson, West Eaton Place, S.W.



Rue Muller, Montmartre

Priscilla in Paris

LA VIE DE POODLE

BUT where, oh where are our leetle dogs to play? On the lead we may not take them into the public squares and gardens and in the Bois they may not run free! There was just one place where they had the illusion of liberty and that was down by the river on the quays. Now the quays are car parks and in some places they are auto-routes. Who would be a dog in Paris?

And yet the City Fathers seem to be fond of animals. We are allowed to call out the fire brigade to rescue cats from topmost branches or sparrows from freshly tarred roofs. When a Metro cat had Metro kittens in one of the Metro tunnels the traffic was held up for an hour till it was safe to move the family. So why not do something for the dogs and allow Fido or Towser the run of the Auteuil or Longchamp racecourses on non-racing days? (I can imagine Col. Freson's look of horror if he ever sees this!) Meanwhile the new two-ways-drive of the Left Bank river-side between Concorde and Alma usefully and agreeably de-congests the Quai d'Orsay.

On one of the pleasant, spring-like autumn mornings that we have recently enjoyed, I heard a young visitor to Paris remark: "One might actually believe oneself to be on the Croisette at Cannes!" The lady had imagination. The Seine is hardly of the same blue as the Mediterranean and the Chaillot hill has not quite the same sky line as the Esterel. However, the sun was shining, the trees above the banks were (rare!) still green and it was possible to understand what was meant.

ONE gets these happy moments of illusion at times. The other evening at the *répétition générale* of Armand Salacrou's play *Le Miroir* at the Ambassadeurs one easily could have imagined that one was back in the prewar days of the late Henri Bernstein's dramatic triumphs at that theatre. The same well-known faces smiled and chattered, from Miss Marlene Dietrich to Mme. Steve Passeur (complete with hat), the vicomtesse de Noailles, Mme. Dupont-Durand and Monsieur the Prefect of Police to the fireman on duty. Bernstein himself was with us—in effigy. He is represented by the massive head, in bronze, that has been placed in a commanding position at the head of the stairs leading down to the foyer at the back of the stalls. It is an impressive piece of work and it dominates the theatre even as the master did during his lifetime. But this was Salacrou's première and were there ever two dramatists more unlike, physically, than these two men? Bernstein of the gaunt, aquiline features and leonine mane; Salacrou of the smooth, rosy, still boyish countenance and equally smooth—but less boyish—bald head!

Their ways also are different. But though Salacrou may not care to dominate a first night crowd by his bashful presence, his domination is felt by every night masses. He has two successes now running in Paris, a revival is due at the *Comédie Française*,



Anne Bolt

a new comedy will be produced shortly at the Edouard VII, and it must be remembered that he is one of the ten famous members of the Goncourt academy.

Le Miroir, which is a dramatic comedy, might also be entitled "Behind The Façade," "Twenty Years After" or "Checkmate." A couple of celebrities present the united front of a happy marriage to their admirers. In reality their union went on the rocks in the very early years of its formation, but while the wife carries on in silence—a self-imposed penance—the husband finds revengeful solace in playing Don Juan to every fair damsel who looks his way.

MANY years later the same situation arises as the one that wrecked their happiness. This time the husband has it in his power to take his revenge on the man who harmed him in the past . . . but the young woman who is the victim of Juan's regrettable philandering has less courage than Juan's wife. She kills herself. The mirror is broken. Curtain.

In the rôle of the wife a very great actress, Mme. Lucienne Bogaert—she is Belgian, I think—is remarkable. André Luguet is a weary philanderer. Mlle. Maria Mauban is the lovely victim.

During one of the gossip huddles of an *entr'acte* an amusing moment occurred. A young *soirist* was hailed by Miss Dietrich. "Do you remember me, Monsieur?" she asked with her most charming smile. "Of course, Madame," answered the amazed and delighted lad who actually produced a blush, "but fancy you remembering ME!"

SIR EDWARD BEETHAM, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad and Tobago, B.W.I., has recently been in England taking part in conferences which were being held at the Colonial Office. Sir Edward has now returned to his post, and is seen in this photograph with Lady Beetham and his daughter Suzanne at Government House in Port of Spain, Trinidad



"Au Lapin Agile," Montmartre

De temps en temps

- Pierre Moinot assures us that there are women who become old before their time, simply because they have tried to remain young after their time.

At the Theatre

DOCTORS IN THE HOUSE

Anthony Cookman

THERE is much to be said, as the Edwardians knew, for theatre-going as against play-going. For instance, no West End theatre today inspires a more comfortable confidence in its fixed policy than the Saville. Mr. John Clements has created the impression that whatever play he chooses to include in his series of revivals will be given good acting and intelligent production. The natural result is that we let ourselves be attracted to an opening night more by the theatre's name than by the title of the play, and the management so far has never once made us feel that this was a foolish way of going about things.

The Doctor's Dilemma is not among Shaw's best plays. It seems extraordinary now that the great anti-romantic of his day should have been trapped into a story of such romantic unreality. The question the story poses is whether a bad man who paints good pictures is better worth saving from early death than a good man who doesn't do anything particularly well. One might have expected the anti-romantic to knock the teasing question on the head with the blunt assertion that men waiting for the lifeboat ought to be treated as men and not as types.

INDICATIONS are that Shaw himself was uneasily aware that the problem with which he was fencing was one to which he should have taken a club, but the story for some reason held him in thrall and evidently he regarded as sacrosanct the wife's illusion that her rascally genius was a king among men. After all, there is no such thoroughgoing romantic as your professed iconoclast.

But it is not the story that holds the stage in this revival, but the four or five eminent doctors who walk in and out of the story discussing their beliefs and methods in such a way as to administer



"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA" (Saville Theatre). Paul Daneman, every inch the outrageous artist, is a scamp, with a wife (Ann Todd) who has complete faith in him. Should the doctors enlighten her?

to the medical profession the severest dose of satire that it has had to swallow since Molière began the game. These doctors are very well played. Mr. Michael Hordern is an actor whose spiritual composition suggests cleverness and calculation. It is remarkable how he finds technical equivalents through which to convey an enormously comic impression of "old B.B.'s" booming fatuities. Mr. Hordern is like a thin man playing a fat man and proving to our entire satisfaction that the trick can be done. Mr. Laurence Hardy catches the absurd yet likeable ebullience of the great surgeon, Cutler Walpole, who diagnoses blood poisoning in every human being and is all for cutting out the seat of the trouble, the "nuciform sac," which is one of his own discoveries.

MR. LEO BIEBER is quietly good as the astute Jew who has made a fortune in the East End by selling drugs for six-pences with "cure guaranteed," and Sir Lewis Casson is excellent as the gruff, good natured old doctor who has seen the startling discoveries of his fellow practitioners make their appearance every fifteen years or so with nothing but their names altered. Mr. Henry Hewitt presents a Blenkinsop so beaming in his acceptance of failure that it scarcely occurs to us to pity him, which is perhaps to overdo the fine shades.

Sir Colenso Ridgeon is in some way the most difficult of the characters to make plausible. He belongs to the group of medical types in the sense that he, like the rest of them, has his pet panacea, but he is more directly involved than the rest of them with the story of Dubedat and his wife. Mr. Anthony Ireland appears to feel with some justification that the character's mixed motives have not been made clear, and he is driven to put perhaps too much emphasis on Ridgeon's streak of complacency. Almost a suggestion of the sinister creeps in, and that is alien to the whole spirit of the play. For though a doctor who withholds treatment from a patient because he is in love with the patient's wife and wants her for himself is, on any conceivable moral principle, guilty of murder, that is not quite the inference that Shaw intends us to draw. The doctors with their separate obsessions are fools no doubt, but they deceive themselves as much as they deceive the fashionable world. Miss Ann Todd is a little stiff and frigid as Jennifer, but Mr. Paul Daneman makes a firm, effective figure of poor Dubedat whose fate it is to go down to posterity as a period figure while his despised would-be patrons are still as alive as ever.



Posed with the insoluble problem as to whether artistic genius is, or is not, of any use to society, the doctors of (left to right) Sir Lewis Casson, Laurence Hardy, Anthony Ireland and Michael Hordern discuss their work, with disastrous results for the profession. Drawings by Emmwood

At the Pictures

MILLIONAIRE'S WOE

Elspeth Grant

If you studied that instructive film, *How To Marry A Millionaire*, made notes of the successful tycoon-trapping techniques displayed, and told yourself you'd have a go one of these days, it would probably be a good thing for you to see *Written On The Wind*: if it does nothing else—and it certainly comes nowhere near entertaining—it will at least suggest to you that marrying a millionaire is about the best way of finding out how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring.

Miss Lauren Bacall, a sensible-looking New York business girl with a nice line in side-glances, is introduced by Mr. Rock Hudson, a steady, upright type, to his friend, Mr. Robert Stack, a millionaire playboy who since the age of fourteen has rarely drawn a sober breath and sleeps with a revolver under his pillow.

Within five minutes (screen time) Miss Bacall has married Mr. Stack, Mr. Hudson, who had fallen in love with her on sight, is unhappy about this—and Mr. Stack's sister, Miss Dorothy Malone, a pop-eyed blonde palpitating with a frustrated lust for Mr. Hudson, assures Miss Bacall that she'll be pretty unhappy, too, before long. "Pardon me if I seem to be brushing you out of my hair," says Miss Bacall, scornfully dismissing Miss Malone from her boudoir. But Miss Malone, though steeped in alcohol, knows what she's talking about.

Mr. Stack, whom Miss Bacall has temporarily weaned from the bottle, begins to fret because somebody has told him he will probably never be a father: he makes this an excuse for drinking like a fish and racketing around like a lunatic. Miss Bacall is so distressed by his behaviour that she chooses quite the wrong moment to break the news that she is going to have a baby. In a drunken rage, Mr. Stack beats her up, accuses the honourable Mr. Hudson of having done him wrong, and reaches for that revolver—while Miss Malone, full of malice and gin, stands laughing by and Miss Bacall wretchedly realizes she'd have been far better off if she'd married the milkman.

Providing you can stand the noise, you will find *The Bigamist*—a lively Italian comedy, directed by Signor Luciano Emmer—extremely amusing. A good-looking, philandering young commercial traveller, Signor Marcello Mastroianni, happily married to an ever-loving but intensely jealous wife, Signorina Giovanna Ralli, is accused of bigamy. Signorina Franca Valeri claims that he married her five years ago and left her after three days.

The trial scene, gloriously dominated by Signor Vittorio de Sica, the flamboyant, flatulent counsel for the defence (not quite sure, on entering the court, whether he is defending or prosecuting), is wildly funny. Though the sustained uproar is a little hard on the ear-drums, this is a film I think you should see.

Fernandel, who enjoyed himself so much as a fashionable coiffeur de dames, you remember, has an equally happy time as a couturier in *Fernandel The Dressmaker*. "Quel joli métier!" he cries rapturously, running appreciative eyes and a caressing hand over a curvaceous woman's figure—and, indeed, for a man who adores beautiful women and beautiful clothes, what job could be pleasanter?

A tailor's cutter, he inherits a fashion-house from a grateful woman friend. As his wife, the delicious Mlle. Suzy Delair is terribly jealous and his model-girls ravishingly pretty, Fernandel keeps his new business a secret—until his first fashion show, which he conducts with superb aplomb and Mlle. Delair disrupts with immense wit.

It is perhaps a little naughty of Fernandel to guy the premier industry of Paris, but he does it with such elegance, such charm! And the clothes he presents are quite exquisitely absurd: even M. Dior would surely applaud that motoring outfit—lamé jeans with a jewelled monkey-wrench in the hip pocket.



Arthur Lem

MAUREEN SWANSON'S name is becoming known to filmgoers as well as readers of film gossip columns. Since her success in *A Town Like Alice* she has been offered steadily larger parts. This has culminated in a co-starring role in Norman Wisdom's picture *Up In The World*.

JUNE ALLYSON will be visiting Britain to make television films at the time that her new screen comedy with music *You Can't Run Away From It* is released in this country. The film is produced and directed by Dick Powell, Miss Allyson's husband. It also stars Jack Lemmon and Charles Bickford.

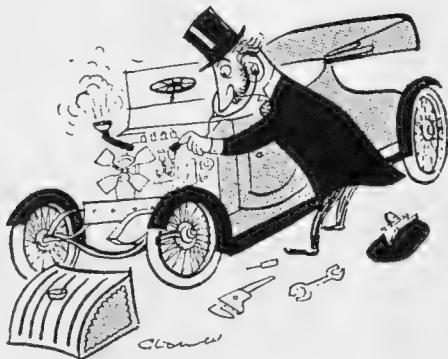


LAUREN BACALL has had a series of highly dramatic roles in her film career. She keeps the pace up with *Written On The Wind*. As secretary, she marries the drinking ne'er-do-well son of her boss because she "finds something to admire" beneath his surface. With Miss Bacall are Rock Hudson, Robert Stack and Dorothy Malone.



Pride of the Show: the Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith touring saloon, with coachwork by Park Ward

AUTOMATION COMES TO EARLS COURT



OLIVER STEWART gives a comprehensive review of the Motor Show which opens today, and draws attention to the many improvements in detail, particularly the trend towards producing cars which "drive themselves."

The new Singer Gazelle saloon

THE central fact about the 1957 models is that most of the complications of control have been switched from the driver to the car. Consequently the cars at Earls Court are more complex than in the past, but their handling is easier. For women drivers and all who like motoring, but are not so interested in the manipulation of the vehicle, this is a year of many valuable innovations.

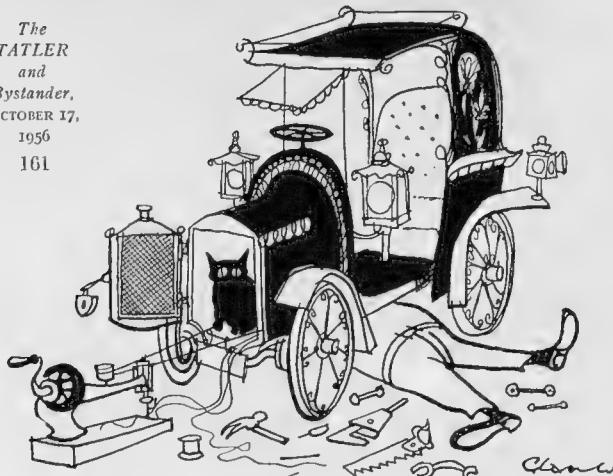
After hesitations and doubts, British makers have moved, in a body, towards automatic transmissions. They offer almost every grade of automaticity, from preselector gearbox and automatic clutch, in which the driver still does the changing but is given an easy way of doing it, to two-pedal systems in which the hand lever does all the changing, and, finally, to the fully automatic system with its mechanical brain which not only does the changing, but also decides when it shall be done.

Prices show no clear tendencies. The remarkable DS 19 Citroën has gone up somewhat and so have some British cars in the top flight. But there have been substantial reductions in certain other models. The Standards, for instance, have been reduced in price and the saving for the Family Ten saloon comes to as much as £45; the new total price being £578 17s. The Phase II Standard Super Ten, which is to be shown at Earls Court will be priced at £668 17s. inclusive of purchase tax.

WE should also note the way in which some makers are using the process of rationalization to give good value for low first cost. An example is the Singer Gazelle for, in this model, the Rootes Group have brought together components of proved excellence, have kept to the interesting Singer overhead camshaft engine, and yet have offered the car at a basic price slightly below £600. Three of these Gazelle models were shown in Paris.

Other Rootes Group cars exhibited in Paris and now ready for Earls Court are the Hillman Minx and the Sunbeam Rapier. Two Rapiers were shown, both of which were fitted with the twin carburettor engine. There were also the Hillman Husky and the Humber and Hillman Estate cars.





Those who inspected the new Borg-Warner automatic transmission factory have been aware that there were likely to be additions to the numbers of makers who use this transmission on standard models. Jaguar fitted it early and then the Humber Super Snipe. The terms of my "release dates" prevent me from revealing all about the other companies which will show cars with this form of transmission.

Automatic transmission of a different kind will continue on the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars. A Silver Wraith limousine, by the way, will at Earls Court be drawing attention to one of the horrors of modern civilization by having, in its rear compartment, a portable television set!

I HAVE already commented upon the major technical advances of the Rolls-Royce and Bentley exhibits; the power steering, for instance, and the twin-carburettor engine. Another maker using the same form of automatic transmission as Rolls-Royce is Armstrong-Siddeley. I reported on the behaviour of this transmission in a Sapphire in The TATLER some weeks ago. The car also had the controllable power steering.

Ford are exhibiting their new Zodiac convertible, which has a power-operated hood. With purchase tax included it costs £1,253 17s. Fully automatic transmission (the Borg-Warner type) is available on the Zodiac as well as the Zephyr as an optional extra, the additional cost being £125 with £62 10s. purchase tax. The other Fords include the Anglia, the Prefect and, of course, the Popular. Then there are the Squire and Escort estate cars.

I shall hope to discuss the sports cars in some detail at a future date, but I ought here to refer to the Austin Healey Hundred Six. This costs £1,144 7s. (compared with £1,210 7s. for the model it replaces) and it has overdrive. This car is the basic, market model of the car with which (in supercharged form) Donald Healey set his records at over two hundred miles an hour at Bonneville Salt Flats.

The Austin Princess IV has automatic transmission and power steering in the standard specification. Its Lockheed hydraulic brakes have vacuum-servo assistance. The Princess IV had its first public showing in Paris. The body is all-steel and has an air-conditioned interior.

THIS necessarily condensed notice must include something about the cars of foreign origin. These are often responsible for interesting new technical points and, in any event, they lend that variety to the show that is one of its most pleasing features.

Some time ago I mentioned the work Fiat had done on the development of a gas turbine car and I must now add something about this company's Earls Court exhibits. The extraordinarily little "600" will be shown in convertible form. Other Fiats are the 1900 B, the 1100 and the 1400 B. The 1900 has the fluid flywheel and five-speed gearbox. Fiat are going in for the linear reading type of speedometer. The linear scale is coming into increasing use in aircraft instruments and although, for motoring, there is really no difficulty about reading the circular scale of the conventional instrument, it may be that the public taste will shift.

One other point which pleased me about the Fiat programme is that it includes the 1400 B model with diesel engine. When diesel-engined cars first drew public attention at Earls Court three years ago, I predicted a great future for them. That prediction has so far proved to be incorrect. Diesel cars—possibly because

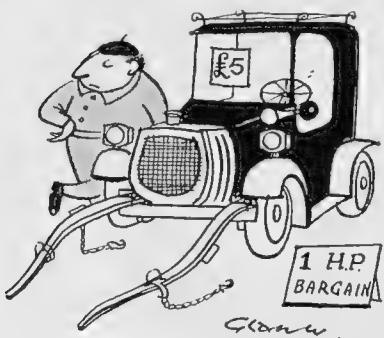


The brilliantly styled Ford Zodiac convertible with power-operated hood is seen above, while below is one of the new Hillman saloons, improved in every feature



The new Standard Vanguard estate car has (above) dispensed entirely with the "half-timbered" look. Below, the Austin Healey Hundred Six, a sports car of immense distinction backed by its U.S. records





The superb Bentley Continental drophead coupe. This one has coachwork by Park Ward



Jaguar XK140 open two-seater reaches speeds of 140 m.p.h. Over 10,000 XK120s are in the U.S.A.



The sedate saloon with the brisk performance is the Rover, seen here in the six cylinder "90" form



Austin's are selling the Princess IV with automatic gearbox, power steering and vacuum-servo brakes



This Bristol 405, with its eye-pleasing and most aerodynamic contour, is among the thoroughbreds

of the fuss the Customs authorities make about buying Derv—have made little headway. Yet their merits are undeniable. The Fiat diesel does 47 miles to the gallon and gives a top speed of slightly over 60 miles an hour. The cruise with a compression ignition engine is particularly smooth and attractive. It is only when the engine is idling that the characteristic diesel noise becomes noticeable.

The Simca models include the Simca Aronde 1300 Elysee saloon, the Simca Vedette Versailles V 8 saloon and their variations including the estate cars known as the Chatelaine and the Marly. For the Elysee the makers claim a top speed of over eighty miles an hour. There is heavy sound-proofing of the steel body, which is of integral construction.

We do not expect basic changes in the Volkswagen for the merit of this car lies largely in a concentration of the amazing production resources of the firm upon a single standardised design. None can doubt that the four-cylinder, horizontally opposed, air-cooled, rear-mounted engine has made many friends in this

country. It breaks away from accepted practice in almost every particular and yet convinces large numbers of people that its unconventionalities is fully justified.

VOLKSWAGEN models include the Karmann-Ghia coupe and the "De Luxe saloon." The attractiveness of its air cooling can be traced to the same kind of thing as the attractiveness of automaticity. It saves trouble. Anti-freeze preparations are satisfactory; but the suppression of any major component—the radiator in this instance—is basically a move towards less trouble. The statement of the early American manufacturer: "What you don't fit, don't give no trouble" remains true today.

We are fitting a great many additional items to our motor cars. Where they give easier and pleasanter driving, they can be justified. But we should never lose sight of the fundamental advantages of simplicity. At this show automaticity takes precedence over simplicity. That trend is inevitable and is right. But it is only right so long as first principles are kept in mind.

TECHNICAL IMPROVEMENTS

The move, on a broad front, towards detailed technical refinement is impressive, and driver comfort has received high and timely priority

FEW motor shows have given firmer evidence of technical advance than this one. The novelties are not obscure details, but are such as to affect directly the driver's convenience and pleasure. The general trend is illustrated by the Rover T3 gas turbine car.

This has a fully automatic transmission, which is integrated with the turbine layout; it has four-wheel drive and it has a plastic body. So here there is improved road performance with easier control. Let us now note some of the other introductions that will minister to these two things: improved performance and easier control.

At once we come to power steering, fitted for the first time to Rolls-Royce cars and available on an Armstrong-Siddeley model. It is not new in the United States, but it is relatively new here. Rolls-Royce use a system which adjusts the amount of power to the car speed and thus gives the advantages when manoeuvring at low speed, without the risks which might attend the absence of "feel" at high speed.

Perhaps one may regret power steering as an added complication which is only attractive when parking or turning in the garage. Nevertheless it is certainly going to make headway. And in a car like the Citroën DS 19 it has basic value because front drive tends to make manual steering heavy.

THEN there are disc brakes. They have been proved in racing and their greatest triumph was at Le Mans this year when they came near to being the decisive technical feature of the whole event. They are fitted now to the front wheels of the Triumph T.R.3, thus making this delightful little car the first large scale production British model to be so equipped.

Because a disc obviously distorts less readily than a drum at high temperature, disc brakes are resistant to fading. And they give other advantages. For instance they are self-cleaning to a large extent as well as self-adjusting. The only thing that has delayed their adoption in standard models has been—hitherto—their high cost.

Transmission systems further emphasize the movement towards automaticity. There is still resistance in this country to the fully automatic transmission on the grounds that it wastes power. That is the view often expressed in France, although automatic transmission makers dispute it. Certainly with the Borg-Warner transmission—Jaguar's choice—there is a fair argument to advance against those who suggest that it wastes power; for here the torque converter is by-passed in direct drive by a plate clutch. The British Hobbs transmission is also claimed to be economical of power.

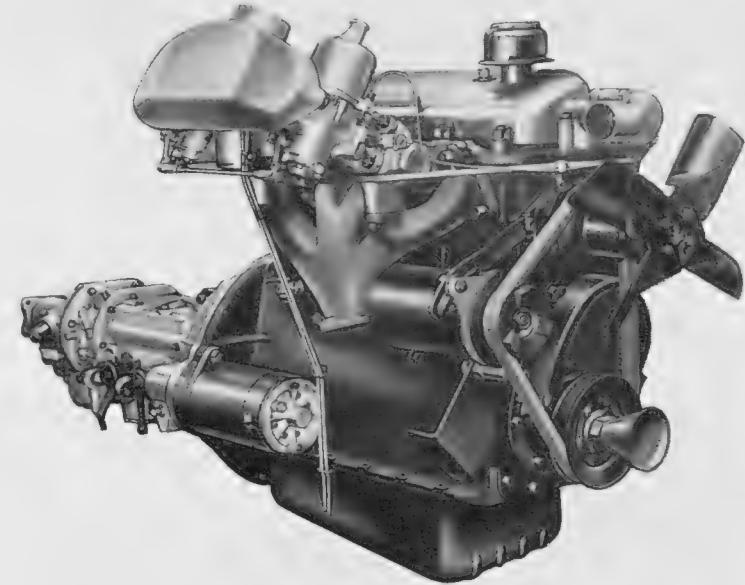
A FULLY automatic system must add weight and it must add expense. Both things are worth while in high powered cars in the high price groups; but in the other groups there is something to be said for the semi-automatic transmissions which are to be seen in profusion this year. Whereas the fully automatic transmission does both the work and the thinking for the driver, who not only has no clutch pedal, but need not concern himself with a gear lever; the semi-automatic transmission does away with the clutch pedal, but still asks the driver to think and to say when gears are to be changed.

There is the Newtondrive which begins with the excellent Newton centrifugal clutch; there is the magnetic system introduced by Smiths and there is the Lockheed "manumatic" system. I cannot do more than list them here. But the crucial fact about semi-automatic transmission systems is that they do all the clutch pedalling and allow the driver to change gear merely by moving the lever and to start from rest merely by depressing the accelerator.

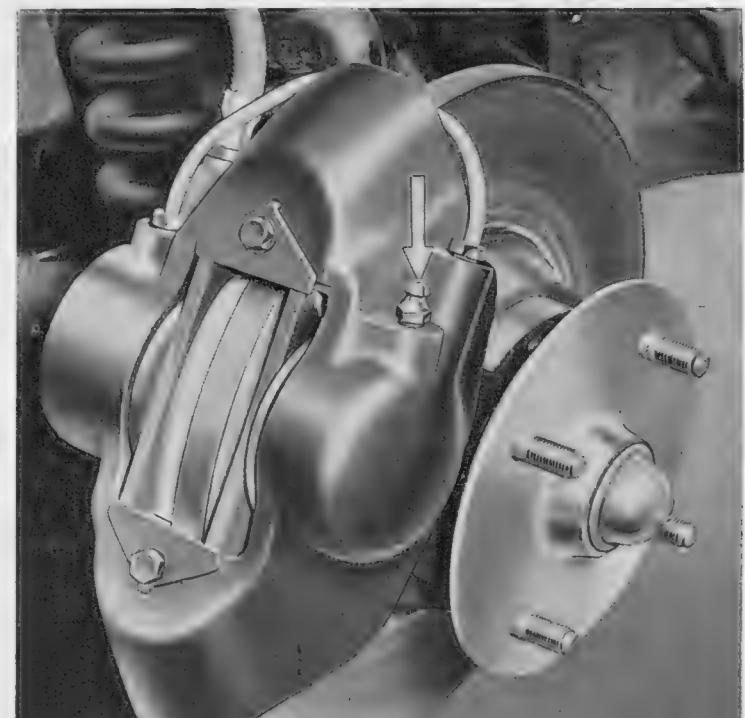
Apart, then, from the many secondary features of interest at Earls Court, we have this year a number of major innovations. All attempt to give better performance and easier control.



The Rover T3 is the first gas turbine saloon to be expressly designed as such. Besides a low fuel consumption due to its re-heat device, the T3 incorporates fully automatic transmission and a four-wheel drive system



The new Standard Vanguard Sportsman has a genuine sports car engine (above) based on the T.R.3 power unit. (Below) the Triumph T.R.3 itself has now been fitted with Girling disc brakes on the front wheels





TATLER
and
Bystander,
OCTOBER 17,
1956
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EARLY NETHERLANDISH painting is admirably covered in "From Van Eyck to Bruegel" by Max J. Friedlander (Phaidon Press, 42s.). It is lavishly and superbly illustrated. Among the 300 pictures, twelve in full colour, are (above) "Agatha Van Schoonhoven" by Jan Van Scorel, (1495-1562) and "St. Luke painting the Virgin" (right) by Maerten Van Heemskerck



MR. JOHN HADFIELD has compiled a delightful anthology, "A Book Of Britain" (Hulton Press, 21s.). The illustrations shown are Mr. Tristram Hillier's "A Farm Waggon" (1943) and below a photograph of Staffordshire pottery, c. 1840



Book Reviews

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

IN *The Hungry Leopard* (Heinemann, 15s.) Mary Borden is giving us of her best. This, her latest novel, is also her twenty-second. I recall, as some older readers may also do, the impact made by her first which was *Jane—Our Stranger*. Since then, the author has ranged round, never without effect, among a striking number of scenes and subjects. In one way, the book we have now in hand constitutes a kind of return. For the heroine of *The Hungry Leopard* once again is an "import"—an American heiress brought into Europe by a young marriage.

Amanda, the girl in this novel (for girl she still seems to be, when she meets her death) differs widely from the original Jane. British complexities, rather than French formalities, confront her.

STILL more, much water has flowed under bridges since we had *Jane—Our Stranger*. No one of Europe's convulsions, onward from the 1930s, does Miss Borden fail to take into due account. Amanda—made known to us retrospectively, through her friends' memories, after her suicide—is something better than a misfit or casualty. She has snatched fulfilment out of the world's chaos. For a literally extraordinary love, she has paid the price.

For the mystery of Amanda (her unaccounted-for vanishing, then return, her last years in hiding, her suddenly chosen death) is linked

with that which surrounds a packet of letters. Upon those letters, left behind in a drawer in the bleak little Chelsea flat, a number of different characters are converging. The one wish of Sophie, Amanda's friend, is to collect them and hide their secret. For Sophie's husband Arnold, a publisher, they represent a higher literary scoop. To Gilbert, Amanda's husband, they stand for something he shrinks from knowing—what had there been, between his best friend and his wife? To Eloise, Gilbert's mistress, the letters promise what now means most to her—bargaining power.

AND who wrote them? A fantastic character known to Arnold Bonnibrook's English world as the author Jaques, and to his own (now gone up in smoke) as Alex Bakony—a Hungarian nobleman whose estates had overrun three frontiers, in themselves amounting to a small kingdom. (I should say that Bakony's nationality is never directly stated by Miss Borden, but I think I have got it right, by elimination.) Preferring exile to dishonour, he had left home when the Nazis infiltrated his country, and returned to England. (He had known Gilbert at Eton.) He deposited with the publishing house of Bonnibrook first one, then another manuscript—both masterpieces! Security reasons brought into existence "Jaques."

Seldom have I known a publisher so enthusiastic about one of his authors as to wish to write the creature's biography. Such a wish (or call it, indeed, obsession) does however

animate Arnold Bonnibrook, an otherwise somewhat inhuman character. To Jaques, Arnold pins his literary religion. Would such an undertaking be premature? There seems to be every reason to think not. Having fought through the war in the Foreign Legion, Jacques-Bakony has plunged back behind the Iron Curtain. His dare-devil intentions, plus his known recklessness, make his chances of survival appear small.

Then Amanda states in her small, calm voice: "I hear from him." Alas, the devoted Sophie reports Amanda's admission. The hunt is up.

Such, roughly, is the layout of *The Hungry Leopard*. The time-sequence is complicated, for memories are fitted inside each other like Chinese boxes. We begin at the end of these happenings, yet, skilfully, Miss Borden withholds the actual truth till the last pages. Amanda, the little pale-golden girl from the West, the apparent lightweight, the ex-Mayfair child wife, haunts one: she is wonderfully drawn. And so, though with less sympathy, is neurotic Gilbert, the only-too-charming diplomat. Bedraggled Sophie is touching; still more so is faithful, flat-chested Mrs. Milk. I am not sure, however, that Eloise—vital, ruthless, desperate—does not rather steal the story.... With deference, I thought Miss Borden mistaken in giving us that extract from Jaques's prose: it seems art-y, and is less adroit than her own.

★ ★ ★

KAITHLEEN FREEMAN, author of *T'Other Miss Austen* (Macdonald, 16s.), in the main is a writer on Ancient Greece. Her pen does not, for that reason, turn less ably to a seemingly milder, more recent subject—and indeed does not Jane Austen deserve to be studied in the same light as other immortals? She remained by choice a family woman—by turns daughter, sister and aunt. She made few friends, and sought no influential ones, outside that orthodox, cosy, immediate circle. Did this, however, content her? Such, I think, is the question Dr. Freeman explores. Jane Austen's more-than-feminine genius is unmistakable. On what was it nurtured? Had it secret resources, and (apart from the novels) unnoticed outlets?

The personality of the woman seems an enigma. Dr. Freeman posits the existence of a daemon—the less learned of us may have the same thing in mind, though namelessly. In *T'Other Miss Austen*, the flashing activities of the daemon are traced not only through the novels but in the letters. Indeed, rather more in the letters—for in these, Dr. Freeman asserts, Jane Austen light-heartedly mocked at or cast aside conventions to which she subscribed outwardly.

MYSELF, I am sure there was far more *there* than the letters, at their most apparently unguarded, allowed to show. Or rather, than the surviving letters allow to show. As we know, Cassandra, who outlived Jane, made a point of destroying the more revealing ones.

With all Dr. Freeman's findings as to Jane Austen, all of us may not entirely concur. I see no reason to minimize the occasional savagery, impatience, or unfairnesses. All the more, taking lapses into account, does one see her well-mannered life as a triumph. *T'Other Miss Austen* gives us a rewardingly vivid picture: truly, of small things, but of such did the great writer build up her art. The young man coming in late from cricket, clamouring for toasted cheese.... Poor Miss Benn, who so faithfully dropped in to hear yet a further reading of *Pride And Prejudice*. There cannot be too many books about Jane Austen, and even if there could, this would not be one.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Houston Roger

Ladies' Day at a City wine tasting

A MOST successful innovation at Messrs. J. P. L. Lebègue's annual wine-tasting in the City was the introduction of a Ladies' Day. Among the distinguished feminine company who gathered for it were Mrs. Peter Ustinov, wife of the actor-playwright, and Mrs. Mosley, seen above looking at the racks of bottles



Mr. Gordon Rushton accompanying Lady Pamela Berry. Below, Mrs. John Grant



Mrs. V. Holland, Mrs. M. Salisbury-Jones. Below, Mrs. P. Thursby, Mrs. R. Cobbold





Clothes for the car

by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Fashion Editress

IN spite of all the modern luxuries such as heaters and draught-proof windows, there are still many of us who like plenty of fresh air when we are driving, and dress accordingly. Here are some fashions for the car from warm, luxurious furs to practical suede jackets with a more sporting note. Both kinds are outstandingly comfortable, elegant and suitable for all times of the day

WARMTH AND LUXURY ON WHEELS

The fabulous blonde beaver coat (opposite) from the National Fur Co. has deep raglan sleeves and turn back cuffs with slits. Price £1,125. Below: Also from the National Fur Co., a full-length coat in blueback Greenland seal. The light flank skins are effectively used for cuffs and revers. Price £495. The black moufflon, Garbo-style hat is by Jenny Fischer. The car is a Ford Zodiac

Michel Molinare





FOR a lengthy journey Simpson's heavy cable knit sweater (*left*), in a wonderful shade of ice blue, is ideal, for it is light and not tiring to drive in. The price is £20 and it is photographed with a new Singer Gazelle. *Below*, thick black tweed with a cherry collar and lining of bright red ring the contrasts with the suit by Jaeger. It has a double breasted jacket and slim skirt and is a wonderful travel suit. Price 23½ gns.

Clothes for the car

Ready for the long haul





A WONDERFUL coat of combined wool and camel hair (*above*) comes from Jaeger, at 58 gns. It has a large rever collar in honey blonde beaver. The car is a Rover saloon. From Swan and Edgar a seven-eighth length coat (*right*) in black and red check fancy wool and mohair is lined with white fur fabric. The permanently pleated skirt is in Terylene and worsted. The coat is 8½ gns. and skirt £5 12s. 6d. The car is a Ford Zodiac



Michel Molinare



A THREEQUARTER length suede jacket in deep tan (above) lined with white fur fabric, 28 gns., matching hood £4 19s. 6d. The saffron coloured suede jacket below has a knitted collar and sleeves, price 13½ gns. It is worn with a skirt of Otterburn tweed in an autumn mixture, £6 10s. 6d., beret 4 gns. All from Lillywhites. The car in these three pictures is an M.G.A. sports car

Clothes for the car

EQUIPPED
FOR SPEED



THIS FERN GREEN SUEDE JACKET with knitted sleeves, price 26 gns., is worn with a tweed skirt in muted greens, blue and mauve, price 10 gns. The beret-snood is 6½ gns. All are made to order by Leather Craft



Michel Molinare



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

A COSY journey is ensured by Braemar's new classic lambs-wool cardigan in saxe blue with an adjustable collar (left) which can be tucked in leaving a V-neckline. It is a useful idea for wearing with a suit. Price £4 9s. 6d. Right, a traditional favourite, the classic twin-set which still remains a fundamental part of any woman's wardrobe, price £6 5s. It is photographed in primrose yellow, and is shown here worn with Simpson's grey corded Daks, price £7 15s. Other accessories are tan elongated bucket bag in pigskin, price £3 15s., silk square 17s. 6d., white knitted fluffy beret 52s. 6d., tan hogskin string-back gloves 52s. 6d. The car in the picture is a Jaguar open two-seater sports model

WOOLLIES FOR DRIVING





Black suede handbag with purse by "Bagcraft," £13 10s. Black silk square with star motif, 15s. From Simpson of Piccadilly



The belts shown here are (top) in pigskin, price £3 3s., and (below) a narrower tan calf belt, price £3 3s. Both the belts come from Jacqmar

The belt in red calf and gilt costs £6 14s. 6d., and the French pure silk square with heart design £2 17s. 6d. They are both from Finnigans

Style with stamina for the road

MOTORING today demands chic as well as sturdiness in one's personal appointments. Here are a number that combine these qualities and will sensibly add to your pleasure and self-assurance when you leave the garage—JEAN CLELAND





Lightweight handbag of mohair and pigskin of a most useful size and capacity. It costs £12 12s. and can be obtained from Elizabeth Arden



Above, a slim Luxon leather purse lined in red, price 19s. 6d. from Debenham and Freebody, who also have the morocco purse with clip top and outside pocket, £1 5s.



Right, French silk square designed by Peynet, and obtainable from Harrods. At the price of £4 9s. 6d.



Black suede Dior gloves with seed pearls on cuffs, £5 5s. a pair.
Dior suede with tie effect, £3 3s.
Umbrella £4 17s. 6d. Simpkins



Dennis Smith

Beauty

Slimming the sensible way



If there is one person more than another competent to speak with authority on the subject of fashion and beauty, it is Mrs. Newton Sharpe, frequently described as one of the most elegant women in this country. Chatting with her a few days ago about her recent visit to America, I asked "What, in the way of beauty, is the thing that most interests American women?" There was no hesitation in answering that one. "Slimming," she said emphatically. "Slimming, slimming, slimming—morning, noon and night. Every aspect of the subject, especially diet which is their major concern."

By one of those coincidences that sometimes occur, following this conversation I received a fascinating little booklet called *Sane Slimming*. Sponsored by Energen, it is a revised and improved edition of one which they brought out some years ago, and reading it through, I feel that it should be of considerable interest to many people. It gives a full eighteen-day "Sane Slimming" diet, with suggested menus for breakfast, lunch and dinner. In addition to this, Monsieur Jean Conil, the world-famous chef, has created some special recipes, any of which can be substituted for those in the "Sane Slimming" diet. In another chapter, there are some more recipes by this master of the culinary art, specially recommended for winter slimming. These should be useful during the coming months.

ANY of you who feel that this little booklet would be helpful—and I feel sure it would—can obtain one free by writing to Energen Foods Co., Ltd., Pound Lane, London, N.W.10, and mentioning The TATLER.

Something else which is making its appearance in time for the winter months is a new preparation for the hands by Revlon, called "Silicare." This should be particularly useful during the cold weather, because it is a medicated lotion which not only protects the hands, but heals at the same time. "Silicare" is excellent for chapped hands; it soothes and softens any roughness, and is a guard against any harmful effects from detergents. One application stays on the hands through five ordinary hand washings. In these days of household "chores-for-all," a preparation of this kind is very welcome, and should help greatly towards keeping one's hands beautiful under difficulties.

Now I want to tell you about the new "Living Bra" recently launched by Playtex. At a party given at the May Fair Hotel, we saw them worn by various models, and it was easy to believe in the excellence of the fittings for all different sizes and shapes. Made of all-elasticized batiste (a fine woven elastic) and nylon, with dainty nylon lace cups, these bras looked comfortable and attractive. We were told that thirty-one separate operations go into the making of a single one, and that they are selling in America at the rate of 10,000 a day. By which it would seem that American women are getting good support from the Playtex Living Bras. Why "Living"? someone asked at the party. "Because," came the answer, "this bra is designed to mould so perfectly to the figure, that it moves and breathes with you."

If your hair is beginning to go grey, sigh no more, ladies. The new colour rinse called "Smoke," of which I wrote a little while ago—when it first came out—is proving so successful, that the manufacturers, Edwards Harlene, Ltd., are adding two new colours to hide those first grey hairs.

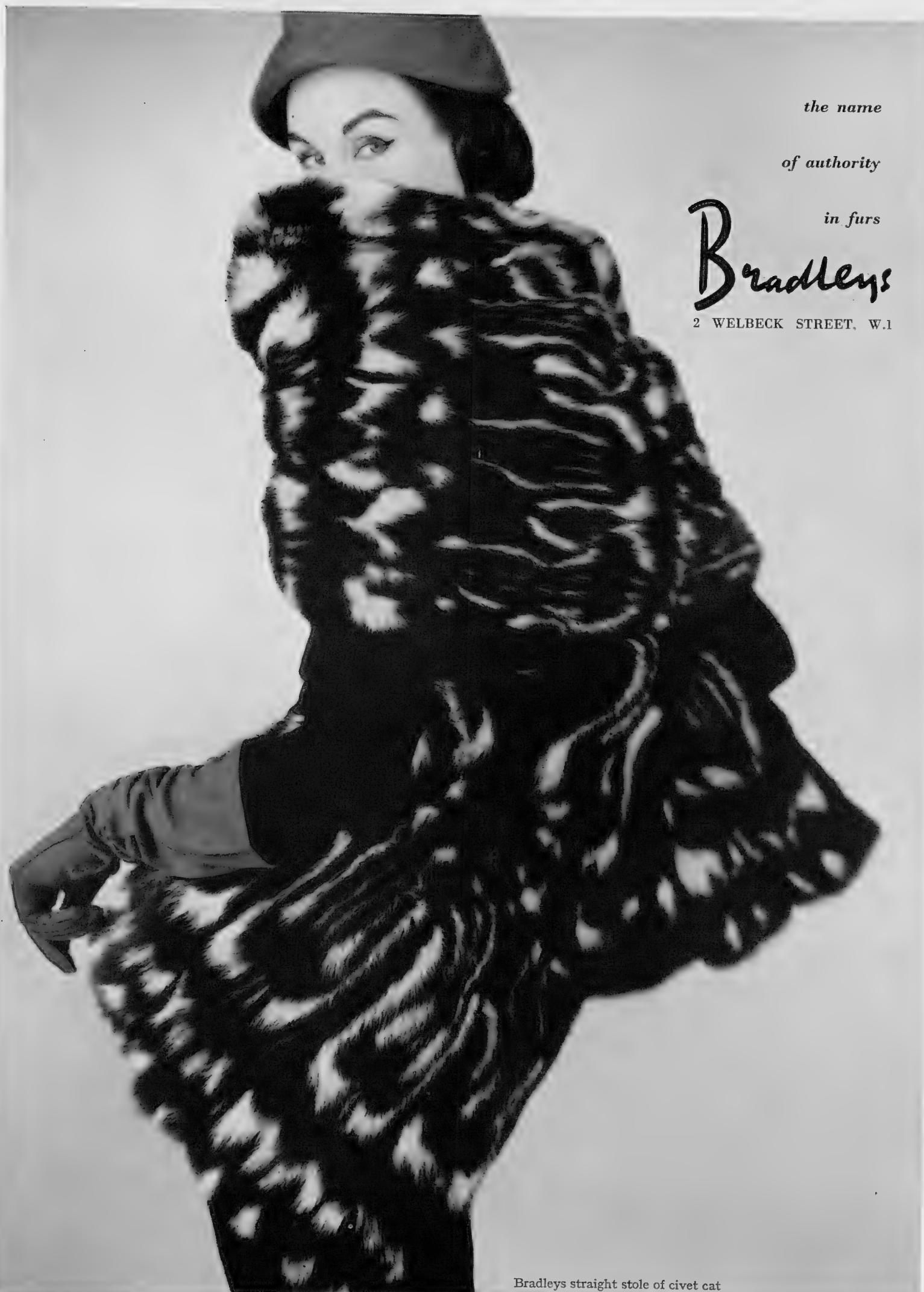
THESE are "Smoke Deep Brunette" for the brunettes, the mid-browns, and the "mouseys," and "Smoke Velvet Brown" for the redheads and auburns. "Smoke" is not a dye. It washes out with each shampoo, and can be used in two ways—as an all-over rinse after the hair has been washed, or between shampoos to touch up the temples or the odd grey hairs without wetting the whole head.

It is not often that anything new in the beauty line reaches me for men, but several well-known firms are now bringing out some toilet accessories, which should prove popular. Gala makes a splash with "White Horse," which—not for drinking—is a new series of shaving luxuries, which seem to me, as a mere woman, to be extremely attractive. There is an after shave lotion, a Cologne, a talc, and a shaving bowl, all of which have a pleasant masculine sort of scent. With a Cologne base, this range has an overtone of fragrance which I can only describe as musky and spicy, with a tang of the moors. The entire series is packed in a very attractive colour scheme of plum, black and gold, and the stoppers are in the shape of a white horse.

—Jean Cleland



THE BEAUTY BOUTIQUE at Kendal Milnes, Manchester, whose redesigned beauty and hairdressing salon is now one of the most up to date in the country



the name

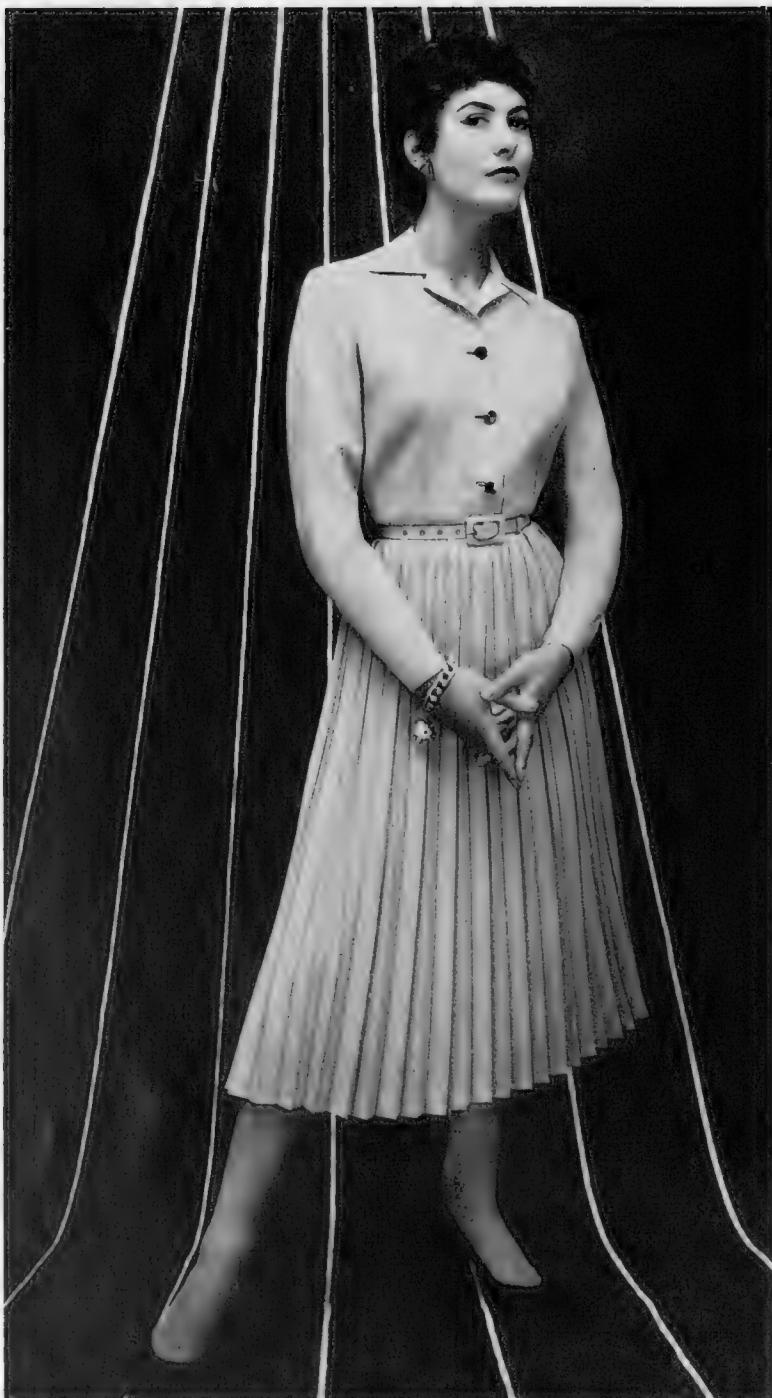
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in furs

Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys straight stole of civet cat



Autumn-into-Winter . . .

A shirtwaister styled dress to wear on colder days and still look your smartest. 55% "Terylene" and 45% worsted, the split sunray pleats are permanent. Royal blue, rust, green, charcoal or black. 36 to 42 hips. 9½ gns.

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The TATLER
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Miss Jane Colville, elder daughter of Maj.-Gen. E. C. Colville, and Mrs. Colville, of Balformo House, Scone, Perthshire, has become engaged to Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bt., son of the late Sir Archibald Edmonstone and Lady Edmonstone, of Duntreath Castle, Blanefield, Stirling

Vandyk

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Alice Shackel, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Shackel, of Erleigh, Mayfield, Sussex, has announced her engagement to Capt. Ronald Maitland Crosthwaite, Royal Artillery, son of Sir Bertram and Lady Crosthwaite, of Hill Lodge, Eastbourne

Bassano



Miss Auriol Deirdre Graves-Morris, daughter of Col. P. H. Graves-Morris, and Mrs. Graves-Morris, of Burton Court, Chelsea, S.W.3, is to marry Capt. Roland Kelvin Guy, M.B.E., K.R.R.C., son of the late Lt.-Col. N. G. Guy, and of Mrs. Edna W. Guy, of Shrewsbury House, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3

Lenare



Miss Elisabeth Schubart, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Schubart, of Stone Cottage, Lower Failand, Somerset, is engaged to Mr. Robert Irving, son of Cdr. G. R. I. Irving, R.N., and Mrs. Irving, of Grove Road South, Southsea, Hants

Bassano

This is a ROVER year

The new Rover programme introduces a 5-car range . . . gives every motorist the chance to own a Rover that exactly meets his needs. All models from the economical 2-litre 60 to the 100 m.p.h. newcomers—the 105R, with automatic transmission, and the exciting 105S—have a look and feel of quality that few cars on the road can match. Overall design is greatly improved by a new front contour which gives bolder, cleaner lines.



*By Appointment
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.*



THE NEW FIVE-CAR RANGE

- **THE 2-LITRE 60** Like all Rovers, a lively performer and superb to handle, with exceptional economy.
- **THE 75** This famous model combines the smooth power of a 6-cylinder engine with surprisingly low fuel consumption.
- **THE 90** For high-spirited performance with Rover smoothness, silence and comfort. Fitted with power brakes.

Automatic overdrive is available as an optional extra on all the above models, taking the place of the free-wheel on the 2-litre 60 and the 75. This gives a higher maximum speed and sustained fast and silent cruising at low engine speeds with a consequent reduction in petrol consumption and engine wear.

- **THE ROVER 105R** A new luxury car fitted with ROVERDRIVE—fully automatic, 2-pedal transmission with built-in automatic overdrive. Here is a high performance car for effortless driving in town traffic or on the open road.

- **THE ROVER 105S** Powered by the same twin carburettor engine as the 105R, this model has a conventional transmission system with automatic overdrive. The result is the liveliest Rover in the range, with superb acceleration to 100 m.p.h., and an inspiring all round road performance.

SEE THESE FINE CARS AT EARLS COURT

Asprey

*By Appointment to H.M. The Queen
Silversmiths & Jewellers*



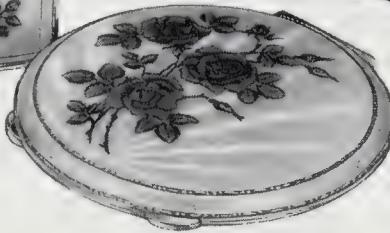
To send with
your Christmas wishes



Silver and enamel powder case, £23.5.0—and lighter to match, £11.5.0.



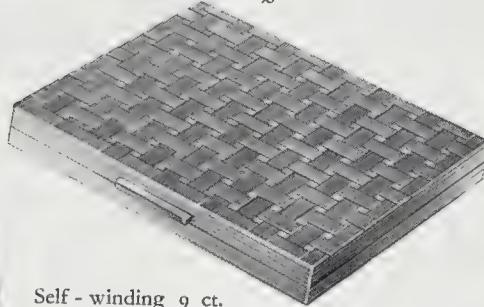
8-day travel alarm in
blue, green or brown
morocco, £8.7.6.



Engine-turned silver
cigarette case to hold 10,
£28.0.0.



Self-winding 9 ct.
gold wrist watch by
Jaeger le Coultre,
£55.0.0.



Tortoise-shell party
case with mirror in
lid, £62.10.0.



Rolex Chameleon
lady's watch in 18 ct.
gold, with interchangeable
coloured straps, £70.10.0.

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*The TATLER
and Bystander,
OCTOBER 17, 1956*

McDougall—Francis. Mr. Ian McDougall, 42 Royal Marine Commando, only son of the late Mr. F. A. McDougall, and of Mrs. B. H. McDougall, of Outerbourne, near Winchester, was married to Dr. Margaret Francis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Francis, of Holt House, Bassett, Southampton, at Bickleigh Church, Plymouth.

THEY WERE MARRIED



Shepherdson—Hudson. Mr. Edward M. Shepherdson, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Shepherdson, of Driffield, E. Yorkshire, has married Miss Susan Hudson, daughter of Mr. Tom Hudson, M.B.E., J.P., and Mrs. Hudson, of West Ella Hall, E. Yorks, at St. Andrew's, Kirkella



McAlpine—Anton. Mr. Robert McAlpine, son of Mr. A. J. McAlpin, of Tickwood Hall, Salop, and Mrs. D. Hickman, of Nassau, Bahamas, married Miss Jane Anton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Anton, of Tudor House, Romsley, Salop, at Droitwich



Pratt—Smith. The marriage took place between Mr. Peter C. Pratt, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pratt, of Sunningdale, Berkshire, and Miss Pamela M. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Smith, Colchester, at St. Peter's, Colchester



Bolton—McNeil. Mr. David G. Bolton, son of the late Mr. Bolton and Mrs. Lane, of Salisbury, married Miss Sheila R. McNeil, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. McNeil, of The Corner House, Lewes, at St. Mary the Virgin's, Ringmer, Sussex

The NEW Austin Princess

luxury . . . but in good taste

WHAT IS in good taste is so personal a matter that we dare to mention it only because it is important.

In a big car you expect comfort; magnificent performance; discreet good looks . . . The new Princess gives you all these, and at a price you might not think possible in a coach-built car, which includes such advanced features as power-operated steering, automatic gearbox, and servo-assisted brakes. But, there are many reasons why you should decide to buy a Princess rather than any other big car.

One of these is that the Princess appeals to those who do not wish their choice of car to be mistaken for a display of opulence.

We believe that the new Princess is one of the finest big cars in the world. We ask you to test the accuracy of our belief with a searching trial, not just a "demonstration". Any Austin dealer will be pleased to arrange such a trial.

Vanden Plas





The Daimler 3½-Litre 'One-O-Four' Saloon

Drive DAIMLER—

... and find out for yourself. Descriptions of performance, braking, road holding, luxurious comfort, are merely words; and such virtues are, of course, already accepted in the Daimler range of cars. The really special qualities of a Daimler are intangible. One just feels that traffic no longer matters—long journeys are not tiring any more. Swift and silent, these cars take you and enfold you in a comfort quite beyond words.



*By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen
Motor Car Manufacturers The Daimler Co. Ltd.*

EARLS COURT MOTOR
EXHIBITION • STAND No. 168

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DINING IN

Clown's mustard

AUTUMN brings us several horticultural rewards which "old-fashioned" folk cherish. Fresh horse-radish and red cabbages are two of them.

Horse-radish is one of those garden "spreaders" which are frequently despised. I can never understand why. Many of the really good things like horse-radish, chervil, mint, lovage and parsley—the little extras or garnishes—do spread, if the soil and space encourage them, but how wonderful it is to be able to pick them fresh!

In this country, more's the pity, we never or almost never use herbs other than fresh parsley in our cooking, mainly, I always maintain, because, although we may have them growing in the garden, they are always too far away from the kitchen door and, as the weather or the ground underfoot is so often very moist, fresh herbs are left out. So do plan a nice little herb garden, adjacent to the kitchen door, and, in it, plant all those herbs which so many dishes you enjoyed on the Continent demand.

Basil, for some reason, defeats some folk. I, at the moment, have a lovely growth on a window-sill. Before it is frosted, I shall flavour half a bottle of dry white wine with it, store it in the refrigerator, and use it, throughout the winter, for those dishes it improves. In many of the dishes from Italy, dried basil does quite well, but as a rule you will find this only in a Continental grocer's shop.

BACK to horse-radish. A famous old writer (Parkinson) declares that it should be called "Clown's mustard, for it is too strong for any tender stomach," which is, of course, true, but horse-radish sauce, with cream, is never, nor should be, "hot." And what a flavour with roast beef!

Grate two tablespoons of horse-radish across the scraped root because, by doing so, you will not get long strings. Add a pinch of sugar, a mustard-spoon of French mustard, pepper and salt to taste and about a tablespoon of white wine vinegar. Whip a quarter of a pint of double cream until stiff and stir the horse-radish mixture into it. This will keep in the refrigerator for several days,

There is a delicious Russian pickle, called "Chrane," incorporating horse-radish, which I like very much with various cold meats as well as hot roast beef. For this, I use the darkest canned beetroots I can find (those little deep red ones). Grate the beetroot and, for about a pint of it, allow two to three fair-sized horse-radish roots, scraped and grated as above. Mix the two together, sweeten with as much castor sugar as your palate likes, and pour in as much white vinegar as the mixture will "take." Turn into jars and, under cool conditions, it will keep indefinitely.

Only one note of warning: There must be enough vinegar to keep the top of the pickle moist because, should it become dry, the colour will fade to a somewhat unpleasant brownish tone.

While we are on these vinegary things, it is a good time to pickle red cabbage. Choose a deep purple one. Discard all rough outside leaves. Cut the cabbage into quarters or eighths, then into shreds, rejecting the very broad ribs which would spoil the appearance of the pickle. Turn into a basin, preferably one of earthenware. Sprinkle a shredded good-sized cabbage with a good handful of rubbed block salt and leave for twenty-four hours. Drain thoroughly, then pack into jars (not too tightly) and cover with spiced vinegar. (I prefer white vinegar for this, but most authorities give malt.) This pickle will be ready in a week, but should be used within three months because it tends to go a little soft.

—Helen Burke



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DINING OUT

Seafaring lure

DURING the year I have been transported to lunch by car, by air—in a Heron, in a Viscount turboprop and in a helicopter—and now just to finish it off in a proper manner I have been taken to lunch on a 30,000-ton luxury liner by a special train. This was to a party given by the directors of the P. & O. to over 250 of their stockholders who had been selected by ballot, and was held on board the s.s. Iberia which was launched in January, 1954, and is the most recent of the four large passenger liners to have been built by P. & O. since the war.

These lunches are a good idea because as the chairman, Sir William Currie, G.B.E., said in his speech: "It gives the stockholders the opportunity of inspecting some of their more tangible assets."

After being greeted at the head of the gangway by Capt. Pollitt, Commander of the Iberia, I headed off to the kitchens which alike in size, efficiency and cleanliness would grace a smart West End hotel. There I met Eric Read, the chef, who has been most of his life with the P. & O. Among a staff of over 130 he employs 100 Goanese who he says are quite first-class and reach a very high standard in the culinary arts. This was certainly reflected in the lunch we had: melon cocktail, trout meunière, chicken Maryland, ice-cream Gâteau aux Fraises, with sherry, Pouilly-Fuissé '53 and St. Emilion '49.

HAVING looked at the prices on the wine list, I shall have to join this ship some time. You can have an excellent Burgundy at your table from 8s. 9d. per bottle, claret for 7s. or some excellent Australian wines at an astonishingly low price, such as 4s. 6d. and 5s. 3d. Mr. Gray, in charge of the drink department, tells me that the most popular wines are Sauterne and Hock. The cigarettes cost you 3s. for fifty, gin is 8d. a tot and whisky 10d., so a good time can be had by all.

On the train to Tilbury I found myself at a table with Eric Foster, Editor of *The Director*, the magazine of the Institute of Directors, No. 10 Belgrave Square. This started as what he himself described as "a rather dismal quarterly in 1947"; it has now become a very lush and plush monthly, running to over 200 pages with a circulation of 24,000.

The next affair which came my way was the dinner given by Guy Prince at the Mirabelle to nineteen guests before the Lebègue Tastings at London Bridge which I talked about last week. "Memorable" is the best word I can think of to describe it; memorable for the quality of the wine and the food, for the setting and the service, for the quality of the silver, the glass, the napery, and the magnificent polished round table on which it was served, clearly contrived by the very sure hand of Erwin Schleyen who directs the Mirabelle with magnificent support from his *maitre d'hôtel*, Albert Claes, and the *maitre chef de cuisine*, John Drees.

As for the company, it is sufficient to say that Guy Prince had performed the considerable feat of collecting together at the same time and table, nine editors of some very famous newspapers, two great experts on wine, André Simon and H. Warner Allen, Emmwood the cartoonist, Harry Yoxall, managing director of Condé Nast publications, and that connoisseur of good living, George Gulley.

—I. Bickerstaff



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St. Raphael cocktail.
In a big tumbler with
crushed ice, two thirds
St. Raphael, one third
gin, ice, serve with
lemon peel.

"... half French? Indeed no. Daddy is English and Mummy is Scots; but I like French things if that's what you mean—French dresses and hats and especially French wines. They've got my favourite here now I see. St. Raphael. Raff for short. If ever a drink had a French accent that has. It's sort of—kind of—oh you know what I mean".

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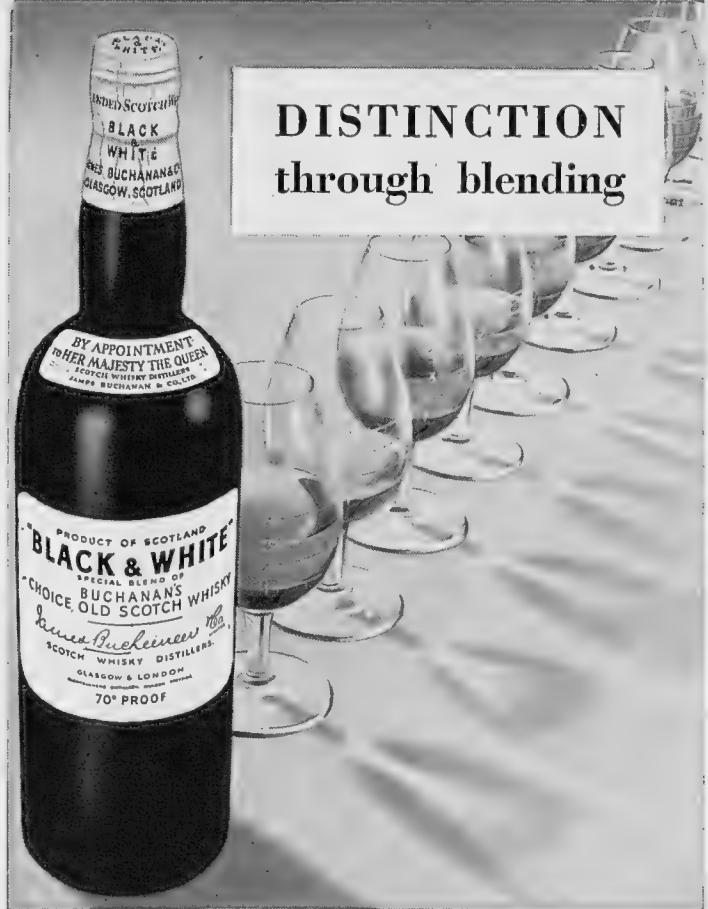


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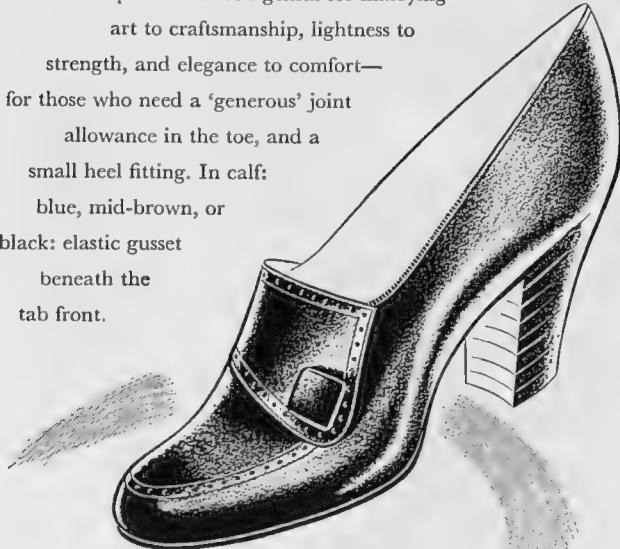
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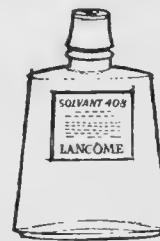
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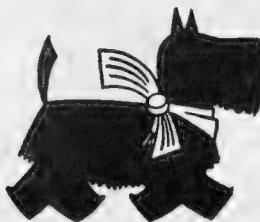
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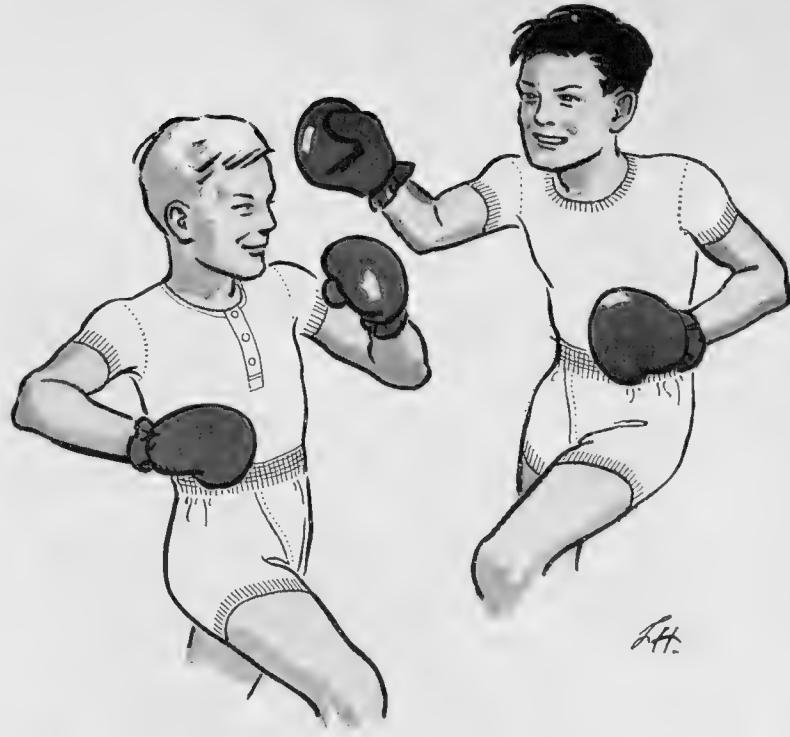
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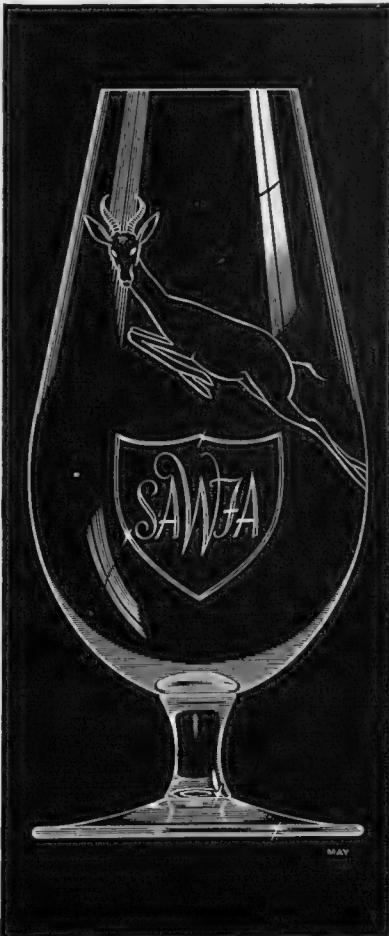


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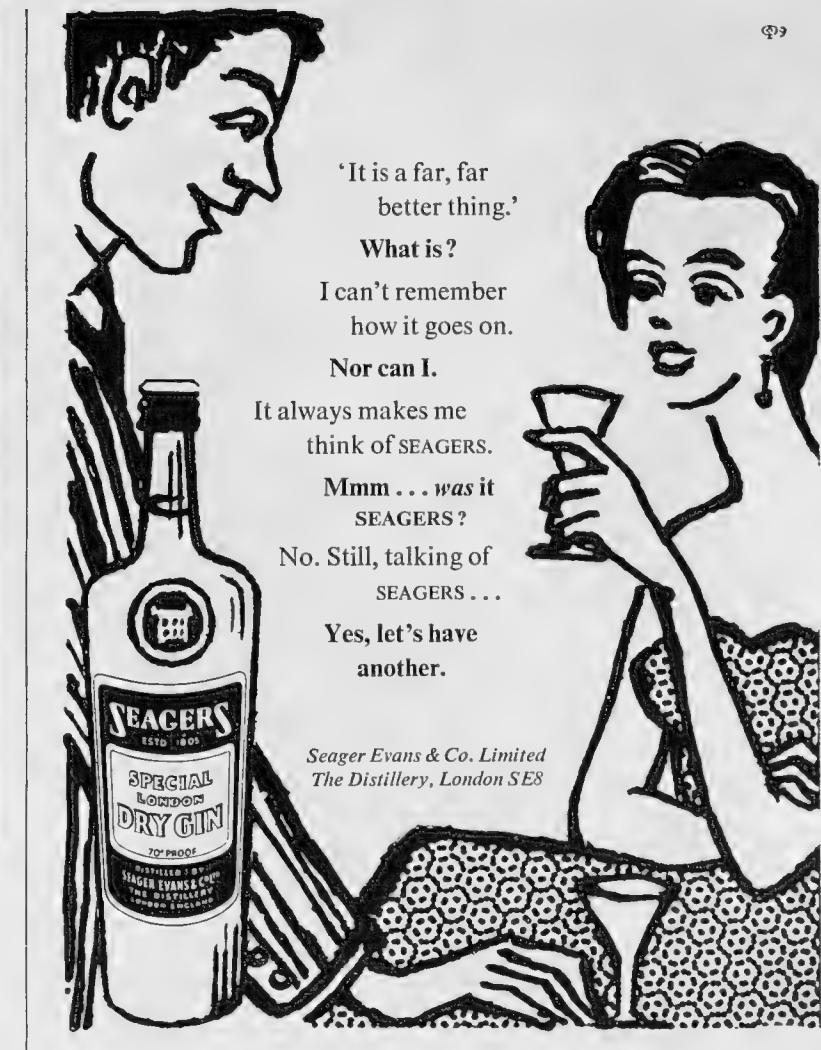
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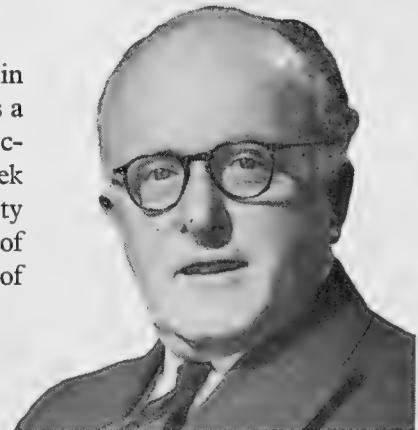


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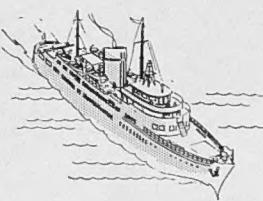
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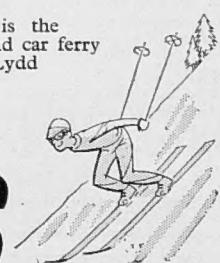


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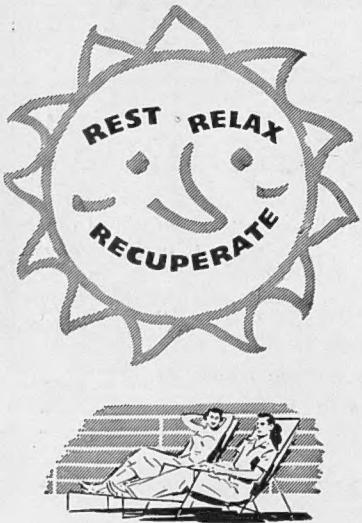
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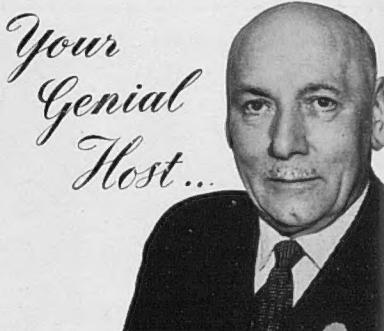
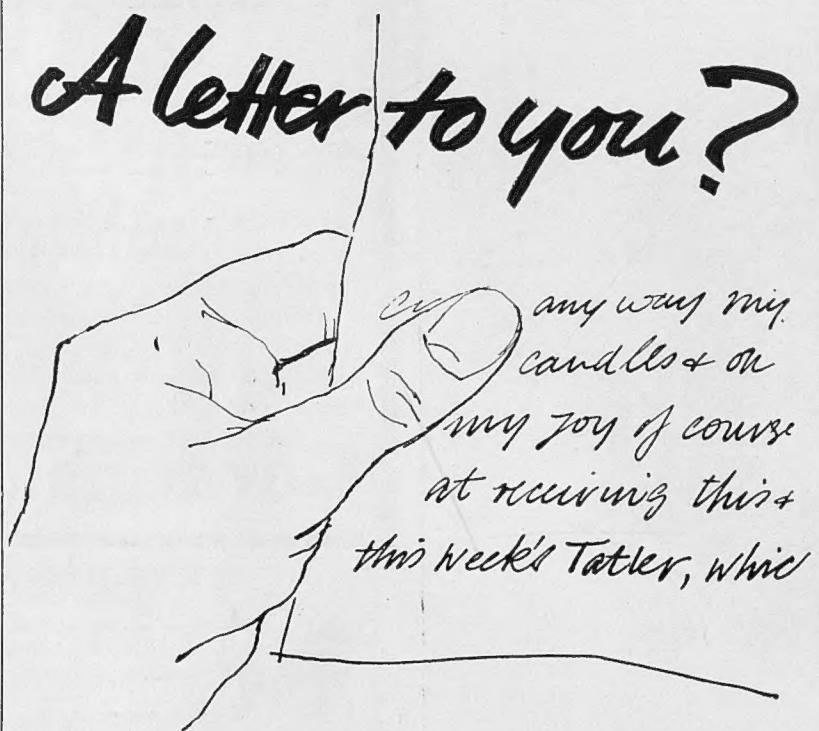
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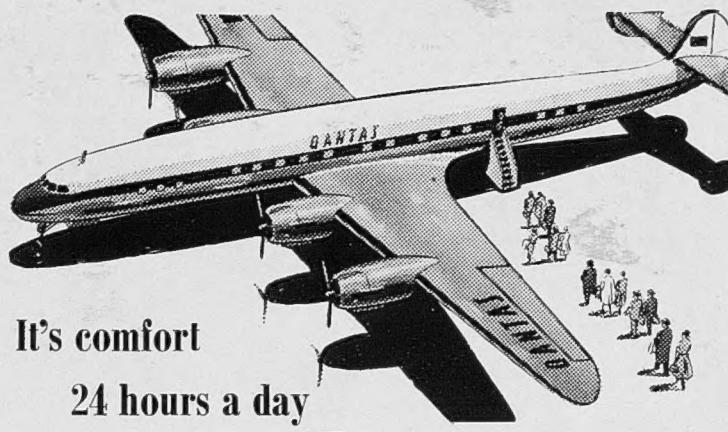
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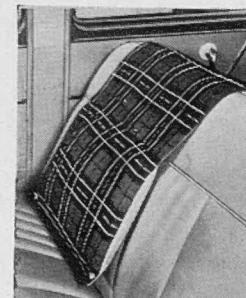
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